The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

RECAPTURING THE PAST

Panel discussion, symposium, political psychodrama, historical inquest? The March 3 event at Town Hall in New York City, sponsored by The Nation Institute, the Center for American Culture Studies, Columbia University and the Writers Guild of America, East, was certainly all these. The ostensible subject was "Hollywood & History: The Debate over *JFK*," but the talk covered far more ground than the media-framed issue of the factual accuracy of Oliver Stone's movie. And, as noted by panelist Nora Ephron, co-screenwriter of *Silkwood*, which was attacked in much the same way as *JFK*, a movie's politics rather than a reverence for history is often the real raison d'être of such assaults.

As far as Oliver Stone was concerned it was history—and the politics thereof—that was on trial rather than his movie. He regarded the official version of the assassination as typical of the pervasive untruths in received American history. But Stone's version of events in Dallas was challenged by writer Edward Jay Epstein and a panel of questioners. The director had answers, not all of them satisfying to his inquisitors or the audience. This is the Kennedy assassination, after all. For every "fact" there is a counterfact, and opinions among the illuminati run strong and deep. Still, the dialectic informed, if it did not synthesize.

As panelist Norman Mailer observed, the assassination is the great unresolved question of our time, and doubts about the official story have left people in a limbo "between apathy and paranoia." He made an impassioned call for the formation of a commission to find what answers remain to be found.

The event in Town Hall was about the politics of history—how it is written, how it is interpreted, how it is conveyed and portrayed. The moral is that history is *not* bunk. It is so crucial that we must keep on debating it.

GAY-BASHING
Donna Minkowitz

RODNEY KING: ANY LEGACY?
Paul Chevigny

EUROGHOSTS
Daniel Singer

TRIBAL WRONGS
Susan E. Davis

BUSH'S CHILL
Christine Triano
Nancy Watzman

CAPTIVES OF BAGHDAD
Stephen Hubbell

SHRINKS AND BIOGRAPHERS
Paul Alexander

THE MIDDLE CLASS—A USEFUL MYTH

VICENTE NAVARRO

The new conventional wisdom among political pundits is that the Democratic Party has been too concerned with the minorities and the poor and has not paid enough attention to the middle class. The Democrats' political redemption, the commentators say, can occur only if the party concentrates on the needs of the middle class—needs that are assumed to be different from those of the minorities and the poor. In this political discourse, the pundits' concern for the middle class has an antiminority flavor. Indeed, this appeal to the middle class—which supposedly includes the majority of Americans—is profoundly ideological.

Actually, the majority of Americans belong not to the middle class but to the working class: That is, their financial identity is defined by hourly wages. According to Professor Erik Olin Wright of the University of Wisconsin, one of the most respected scholars in the analysis of social class structure, manual, supervised, unskilled and semiskilled workers represent more than 50 percent of the adult working population. They are the core of the working class, and they and their dependents represent the majority of the population. Most members of the working class are white, although minorities (predominantly black and Hispanic) and women are the fastest-growing sector of that class.

A majority of the working population do not identify themselves as middle class. According to the 1983 class self-identification survey of the National Opinion Research Center, more people defined themselves as working class (48 percent) than as middle class (43 percent). This differential is even higher among

(*Continued on Page 381*)

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LETTERS.

UNSAFE AT ANY SPEED?

Somerville, Mass.
In his report on Ralph Nader's campaign in New Hampshire, "The 'None of the Above' Candidate" [Dec. 23], Micah L. Sifry makes several seriously flawed assumptions that are downright dangerous for the future of progressive politics. He seems to uncritically accept Nader's argument that "it doesn't mean anything who's elected—the forces of power and greed are so entrenched in Washington that they are going to shape anyone into 'President Patsy.'" Sifry also apparently agrees with the "veteran of progressive campaigns" who believes that Nader should run as an independent "with the goal of drawing more than 5 percent of the vote."

To argue, as Nader does, that ultimately there isn't a dime's worth of difference between Douglas Wilder and Paul Tsongas, for example, and Tom Harkin (whose politics and potential are discussed in the July 29/Aug. 5 *Nation*) defies common sense. To imply that no Democratic candidate is an improvement over Bush is just plain nonsense.

Simple arithmetic shows that if Nader got 5 percent of the vote, it would hand the election to George Bush on a silver platter. To promote such an outcome is politically irresponsible. Between now and the Democratic convention, we should support the most progressive/electable candidate(s) in the Democratic primaries. Once the primaries are over, we should unite behind the Democratic nominee in an all-out effort to defeat Bush. Working within the Democratic Party doesn't preclude employing a whole range of other strategies or tactics—either in the short or long run. Doing so simply acknowledges the political realities that confront us. *Ken Brociner*

SIFRY REPLIES

New York City
Come on, Ken—do we have to give up so quickly? Must we accept the idea that the forces of power and greed need not be challenged during the campaign process? And that any effort to recast the Democrats' agenda—or present a meaningful alternative—is dangerous? To argue that a vote for Nader (or any other independent progressive candidate) is a vote for Bush is plain nonsense, unless you assume that the half of the electorate that has stopped voting for Democrats *or* Republicans is beyond reach. It's far too early in the process to make such judgments. (Interestingly enough, Nader and his "new democracy" message appear to have as much appeal to Republicans as Democrats. In the New Hampshire primary, he actually got more Republican write-in votes than Democratic—3,257 to 3,054, about 2 percent in each case.) The point is not just to describe political realities but to find ways to change them. *Micah L. Sifry*

HEALTH CHAOS

Cambridge, Mass.
Thank you for Andrew Kopkind's "National Health Care: Seizing the Historic Moment" and Thomas Bodenheimer's "The Way to Real Health Security" [Dec. 16]. These articles clearly describe the ailing U.S. health care system (I use the word "system" very loosely). Forty cents on every dollar meant for health care is spent on administration; most of that is wasted through mismanagement at major insurance companies, not one of which prescribes one pill or puts on one Band-Aid. These companies have driven up the cost of providing health care by making the distribution of care in the United States like a football game in which every player has a separate set of rules. This means a lot of referees. Providers of health care want to practice medicine, not act as administrative referees for the insurance industry. A single-payer system such as the one in the Russo bill on the national level and/or similar legislation before lawmakers in twenty-two states would allow medical practitioners to do what they do best—care for patients! We the People can take these health care dollars away from insurance companies and put them toward providing a better quality of life for all Americans. Our primary focus is to reform the health care system by passing legislation in Massachusetts and on the federal level through our nationwide network. *Timothy M. Quinlan*
Massachusetts Citizen Action

SOCIALIST MEDICINE

Santa Monica, Calif.
There is more at stake in the health insurance crisis than universal provision of medical care as a moral right. Ten years of reaction have marginalized the idea that government can be an effective force for social good. If socialism is ever to be even dimly seen again on the far horizon of real politics in this country, the notion of an activist democratic state will have to be relegitimated. Health care is the issue that can begin that process. Hence, its strategic importance for the left. The free market has never provided quality medical care to everyone at a reasonable cost. It never will. This "market failure" to provide such a fundamental social good must be emphasized in order to begin breaking down the hegemonic concept that the free market is the panacea for all social problems. *Steve Tarzynski, M.D.*
Democratic Socialists of America

PROF BUSTERS

Portland, Ore.
Contrary to the position taken by Viveca Novak ["The Right at Work," Dec. 30], the withdrawal of support by the Bush Administration for the reappointment of Mary Miller Cracraft to the National Labor Relations Board brings no tears to these old eyes. From 1987 to 1990, the faculty of Lewis and Clark College struggled to enter into a collective-bargaining agreement with its administration. At issue primarily was the administration's flat refusal to recognize a role for the faculty in college governance. Against the heaviest legal and financial odds, however, our organizing efforts paid off. We won at both the local and regional levels with a solid decision from the N.L.R.B. in Seattle. But the college administration petitioned for a reversal with the board in Washington, D.C. Two years later, the board gave us its decision, signed by Cracraft and two others. Based on no visible evidence, and pretending that we were yet another Yeshiva University, the board said that we were "managers" and had no right to organize. As the now-moribund faculty of Lewis and Clark can tell any group of employees seeking legal recognition, stay away from the N.L.R.B. *William O. Lewis*

KEEP 'EM COMING

Portland, Ore.
If Robert Grossman's dick cartoon was, in your editorial mind, a necessary counterbalance to the women's issues covered in no fewer than *three* pieces in your January 20 issue, then by golly I will try to learn to enjoy dick cartoons. Bring 'em on! Penises, prostates, testicles, whatever you want. Full-page drawings. Anything to keep up this coverage of women's issues in *The Nation*.
Nancy Walseth

GENDER DEFENDER

Seattle
One and a half columns into the January 20 *Nation*, I find two negative references to white males. Now, I am a white male and don't think all white males are eligible for disdain, negativism and prejudice. *The Nation* seems to stay away from bigotry toward all groups except mine. Why do the actions of some make all of us eligible for slander? To attribute the characteristics of the few to the whole is the very definition of prejudice.
Paul Shaner

HIGH I.P.

New Brunswick, N.J.
Arrghh! Monte Montgomery's list of persons name-dropped in John Leonard's review of Norman Mailer's *Harlot's Ghost* ["Letters," Jan. 20] ends with "Zemblas." Unless Zem Blas is Gil Blas's brother, Zembla is the fictional country in Vladimir Nabokov's *Pale Fire*, qualifying thus not as a Name Drop but a Literary Reference. I've just managed to drop five names in this short paragraph, which must surely give this letter an Index of Pomposity higher than Leonard's. Mr. Montgomery, do I get an award?
Benjamin Weiner

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CONTENTS.

Volume 254, Number 11

LETTERS
362

EDITORIALS
361 Recapturing the Past
361 Excluding the Others: The Middle Class—A Useful Myth *Vicente Navarro*
363 Shades of Brown
364 Sununu's Revenge *Harvey Wasserman*
365 Facin' Dixon *Andrew Patner*

COLUMNS
365 Prevailing Presidential Standards *Calvin Trillin*
366 Beat the Devil *Alexander Cockburn*

ARTICLES
368 Murder Will Out—But: It's Still Open Season on Gays *Donna Minkowitz*
370 Other Rodney Kings?: Let's Make It a Federal Case *Paul Chevigny*
372 Letter From Europe: The Ghosts of Nationalism *Daniel Singer*
376 Hoopa, Yurok and Congress: Tribal Rights, Tribal Wrongs *Susan E. Davis*
380 Bush's Regulatory Chill: Immoral, Illegal and Deadly *Christine Triano and Nancy Watzman*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
382 Simon: Forty Days
Wiener: Live From Baghdad: Gathering News at Ground Zero *Stephen Hubbell*
385 Holy Secrets *Paul Alexander*
387 Phillips: Cambridge *Zia Jaffrey*
389 Theater *Thomas M. Disch*
391 How Wonderful (poem) *Irving Feldman*

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EDITORIALS.

Shades of Brown

Jerry Brown calls the contest this year for the presidential nomination a "gong show," that cruel relic of seventies and eighties TV in which talentless performers presented their acts until a mighty *gonnng* chased them from the stage, like the hook around the vaudevillian's neck. Unlike the mediocrities on that old show, however, the current cast of candidates fails even to amuse.

George Bush playing Himself is not half so convincing as Dana Carvey's impression on *Saturday Night Live*. Bush has nothing to say to his voters and says it poorly. They award him with the most grudgingly given votes ever cast for an incumbent. Pat Buchanan shows only meanness, bigotry and bile. The fact that the two of them are locked in a vote ratio of about two-to-one in the Republican primaries indicates that they'll both be able to prolong their dismal drama to convention time before the gong sounds.

Brown's joke referred to the Democratic race, where his four fellow candidates seem to be gonging themselves into oblivion. Bob Kerrey fared miserably in the "Junior Tuesday" pri-

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maries and bailed out the next day. Tom Harkin may hold the stage until the big Illinois and Michigan events later in March, but the hook is reaching for him too. Both Paul Tsongas and Bill Clinton seem to be second choices in search of a frontrunner. And that leaves Jerry.

Although the mainstream media don't see it yet, Brown has become the most interesting factor in the Democratic competition. His near win in Maine, his victory in Colorado and his strong finishes in Washington and Utah show he has found a base among environmentalists and no-nukers—an important slice of Democratic voters—and among antigovernment, anticorporate, anticorruption independents. There, Brown beats Tsongas by a landslide.

But his success may be limited to the remaining "turtleneck states," where green issues are paramount. Brown has yet to expand his coalition with unionists, blacks, feminists or even gays and lesbians, despite the red AIDS ribbon he wears—a brilliant distinguishing coup. He needs more such strokes.

If Brown uses his newly won federal matching funds to widen his coalition, tighten his organization and broaden his horizons, he could come to New York in July with many hundreds of delegates—enough to get him the convention podium for a major speech, and perhaps a planklet or two in the Democratic platform. They won't give him the nomination. So, as Peggy Lee asks, Is that all there is?

The only way Brown could magnify his successes and give meaning to his efforts would be to institutionalize his campaign, either as a permanent movement waiting for another chance, or much more plausibly, an independent run for President in the general election in November. Although his record in office and in his several campaigns is contradictory, to say the least, he is a creative politician with great potential appeal to many of those outside the Tsongas/Clinton milieu, and perhaps to some turtleneck Republicans as well (they do exist somewhere in this vast land). So if you see Jerry whiz by on his way down from Denver, ask him about November. He can't win, but he might remap the political landscape.

FOLLOW-UP

Fourteen years ago *The Nation* revealed that six sources quoted in Allen Weinstein's book *Perjury* claimed to have been misquoted or otherwise misrepresented [see Victor Navasky, "Allen Weinstein's 'Perjury': The Case Not Proved Against Alger Hiss," April 8, 1978]. Weinstein's response was to invite anyone who was interested to listen to his tapes of the interviews. After we tried unsuccessfully to take him up on his offer [see "A Chronology," May 13, 1978], he said he was going to deposit the materials at the Truman Library. But, as Jon Wiener reports in the current issue of *Perspectives*, the newsletter of the American Historical Association, Weinstein's files have not been deposited in any archive. Wiener argues that Weinstein's refusal to do so violates the A.H.S.'s Statement of Standards and Professional Conduct.

Sununu's Revenge

John Sununu's energy bill, a massive bailout for the fossil fuel and nuclear power industries, is now barreling toward the House, with passage likely unless a grass-roots campaign can stop it. Energy activists, who expected something better with Sununu gone, didn't reckon on George Mitchell, the Senate majority leader. Mitchell stunned the environmental community by allowing the reintroduction of the Bush-Sununu National Energy Strategy.

The omnibus bill had been put on hold last year by a national grass-roots campaign and the gutsy floor fighting of Paul Wellstone, who helped organize a last-minute filibuster in December. Wellstone's maneuver kept the bill off the Senate floor until what its opponents thought would be March or April, by which time an opposing campaign was to have been reignited. But on February 8, Mitchell rammed the bill back onto the floor without warning.

Over the winter break Congressional deal makers did excise provisions calling for drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR) but also cut tougher miles-per-gallon standards for U.S.-made automobiles. Under the sponsorship of Senator J. Bennett Johnston, grand marshal of the fossil-nuclear lobby, the bill contains goodies for the industries that fill Bush's and Johnston's campaign chests. Among other things, taxpayers are now being asked to fund a prototype for a new generation of atomic reactors. Companies wishing to build one would need only a single license, which would allow them to build, fire up, operate and bury the thing with no further public participation whatsoever. Although the ANWR oil proposal was sliced out, the bill allows massive extension of offshore gas drilling. And it changes sixty-year-old regulations meant to guarantee state regulatory control over private utilities.

At the last minute, amendments were tacked on to give the bill a green face. Tim Wirth, a key supporter of the nuclear reactor industry, stuck in several efficiency-oriented provisions promoting such things as energy-saving light bulbs. There are also mandates for alternative-fuel automobiles.

But funding for mass transit was noticeably absent, as was a provision mandating least-cost planning, which would calculate ecological damage from electrical generation. "The Senate has once again sold itself to the coal, oil and nuclear power industries," says Michael Mariotte of the Washington-based Nuclear Information and Resource Service. "It's a thinly disguised taxpayer subsidy program to fire up more reactors and burn more fossil fuels. It's an absolute travesty."

With its grab bag of amendments, the bill passed 94 to 4. A House bill, sponsored by Phil Sharp, is somewhat better. It lacks the one-step licensing bonanza for the nuclear industry and is stronger on alternatives. But, says Mariotte, who helped organize opposition to the Senate bill, "It's still a fossil-nuclear plan. Neither the White House nor Congress seems to have gotten the message that it's time to move to renewables and efficiency."

Getting that message through this spring will be crucial. The House is expected to vote on the Sharp bill in March or April. If one-step licensing, offshore drilling and other evils are not tacked on there, Johnston is expected to try to do it

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in conference. "Our best hope now is to flood the House with citizen opposition and insure that it rejects these provisions," says Mariotte. "We need an energy policy, but the basic assumptions here are warped and obsolete."

Meanwhile, ANWR oil proponents are expected to make drilling there part of an upcoming jobs bill, arguing that destroying Alaska for oil to be shipped overseas will somehow benefit American workers. That battle, and those over reactor licensing, offshore drilling and U.S. energy strategy will have the phone lines and lobbies buzzing. To join the fray, contact Nuclear Information and Resource Service at (202) 328-0002.

HARVEY WASSERMAN

Harvey Wasserman is senior adviser to the Greenpeace Atmosphere and Energy Campaign.

Facin' Dixon

On October 15, 1991, Illinois Democrat Alan Dixon, at his own request, took to the Senate floor to explain to his colleagues and the American people that he was breaking with his party to provide a key vote for the confirmation of Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court. The President was entitled to his choices, Dixon said, and the Senate should not second-guess him.

That night, after Thomas was confirmed, 52 to 48, Carol Moseley Braun's telephone began ringing off the hook. Braun, the Cook County Recorder of Deeds and the highest-ranking black elected official in the county, was being urged by women throughout the state to take on Dixon in the Democratic primary.

Braun announced her candidacy on November 19 after a number of draft committees popped up around the state. With the Thomas confirmation receding into memory and the lackluster array of presidential candidates, Braun's campaign is a reminder that, at least in some parts of the country, the soul of the Democratic Party will be defined at the state and local levels.

The two-term, 64-year-old Dixon is a fixture in Illinois politics. He has relied on his high name recognition (he's never lost an election in forty-two years) to hold on to his seat despite his overwhelmingly Republican record on key votes. A strong supporter of military spending, Dixon was one of two Northern Democrats (the other was New Jersey's Bill Bradley) to vote consistently for *contra* aid. He's backed Jesse Helms's attacks on the National Endowment for the Arts and voted to amend the Constitution to ban flag burning. Despite holding the title of chief deputy whip, Dixon sided with President Bush 58 percent of the time in 1991, more than any other Northern Democrat.

In a state ravaged by the recession and the collapse of heavy industry and the farm economy, Braun is reaching out well beyond her base in the black community and her affinity with women voters, putting job creation, universal health care and increased funding for education at the center of her bid. But she doesn't downplay the perspectives that have come from living on Chicago's predominantly black South Side and being a divorced working mother. "I'm running to return a true Democrat to the Senate," she says. "But also to give that body a healthy dose of diversity."

The Illinois race is complicated by the late entry of Albert Hofeld, a multimillionaire personal-injury and products-liability lawyer and a political newcomer. Hofeld has vowed to spend as much as $3 million of his own money on television time. And Dixon himself has banked some $2 million in PAC money and other contributions over the past several years. Braun has had to run a much more austere campaign: She has a fundraising goal of $750,000, and she has been unable to purchase television time.

But Hofeld's presence may actually boost Braun's hopes if he and Dixon divide the conservative vote in the state. Black turnout in Democratic primaries in Illinois ranges between 20 and 25 percent. And as Braun continues to build on her prior coalitions with women voters, labor and the pockets of liberal voters in Chicago and its suburbs, her chances of capitalizing on the current anti-incumbency mood increase. Like former independent Chicago alderman Dick Simpson, who is mounting a strong Congressional primary challenge to House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, Braun is finding that the economic downturn in Illinois has prodded voters to take issues seriously.

"There is still a lot of anger over Clarence Thomas," Braun says. "But what inspires me is that that anger is focused much more against a system of ideological patronage and a Billionaire Boys Club whose abandonment of domestic policy has brought us to a social and economic precipice." The strength of ties in that club is demonstrated by the recent endorsement of Dixon by his Senate colleague Paul Simon. Braun has long been allied with the ostensibly liberal Simon, who rarely sides with the right-leaning Dixon in Washington, and she co-chaired his 1990 re-election campaign against Lynn Martin.

"Paul's move was disappointing," Braun says. "But it's precisely that type of old boys' network behavior that got me into

(*Continued on Page 381*)

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Prevailing Presidential Standards

The head of the endowment had to go.
The grants he gave, supposedly for arts,
Included some performances in which
Some scruffy folks exposed their private parts.
The President abhors this dreadful smut.
He's saying so in every nook and cranny.
Unless, of course, Buchanan leaves the race,
In which case it's O.K. to show your fanny.

Calvin Trillin

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

The Cancer Candidate

The idea of President Tsongas will take a little getting used to, but that's what primaries are all about, no? To habituate us to believing in the unbelievable. Since Americans care little for economic theory but know all about chemotherapy, Tsongas has adroitly conflated the two. Everyone knows someone who went through the pain and horror of chemo, threw up hour upon hour, had their hair fall out. Now here's Paul Tsongas saying that the economy has cancer and has to take chemo. And who better to guide us through the pain than a man who has faced what all Americans fear and has (thus far) survived?

As a matter of personal preference I hope Jerry Brown continues to prosper, given that he's the only one of the candidates you could find yourself next to on an airplane without having to spend the rest of the journey hiding behind the in-flight magazine. Liberals get hung up on his flat-tax proposal on the grounds that it surrenders the principle of progressivity, which of course it does. But the actually existing tax code does that anyway, so why not be as radical as reality itself (which these days is not radical at all) and settle for Brown's 13 percent flat tax with deductions only for home mortgage interest, rent and charitable contributions? For business there'll be a value added tax of 13 percent, which will be passed on to consumers, a highly regressive move, unless President Brown imposes wage and price controls, which would take us back to the great days of President Nixon, who also funded the E.P.A. and OSHA and got us out of Vietnam.

For those who start arguing that we need a Democratic President, any Democratic President, a little bit of history is instructive. In an interview in the January-February issue of *Challenge*, Jeff Faux remarks that the problems with the U.S. economy took on a structural cast in the early 1970s, when wage and income growth stopped. But just at the time that growth was stalling, the Democratic Party began to steer toward economic conservatism, retaining a measure of liberalism on "social" issues. The assumption was that private enterprise would continue to deliver growth for the foreseeable future, and government should take a back seat. Neoliberalism was born:

> That was quite a change from the way people like Hubert Humphrey and Paul Douglas, and other New Dealers in the Truman and Kennedy years thought about economic growth. Thus, began hostility toward government, reflected in a large part of Carter's own philosophy and campaign in 1976. I have a theory that Jimmy Carter actually lost his run for the presidency in 1980, back in December 1976. After his election, Democratic leaders in Congress came to him and offered a routine reauthorization of wage-price controls. Carter held a press conference in which he expressed opposition to wage-price controls and support for the free market to take care of any inflationary problems. So, in 1979 with the consumer price index rising at 13 to 14 percent, and things out of control, Carter could have stopped the hemorrhaging just the way Richard Nixon did in 1971. Instead, Carter threw away the government tool that he had. If you look at the post-election polls of 1980, most people had voted against Jimmy Carter because of rampant inflation.

This chapter in the history of political economy won't make much impact on the any-Democrat-will-do crowd, one of whom, a Marxist-economist-ecologist of high repute, wrote to me—after I'd taken swipes in some newspaper columns at Clinton and Tsongas—as follows:

> I know you make your living debunking, as well as investigating—but why can't you begin to tell your readers that we need a Demo president, *any* Democrat, because (a) Bush is loading up the Federal Courts with Neanderthals, and a Demo won't; and (b) a Demo would kick c. 6,000–7,000 appointed bureaucrats out of Washout, DC—Republicans who people like you and me have no access to—and replace them with another 6,000–7,000 appointees, some of whom would be friends and co-workers of ours, and 100s of whom would be accessible to all those in popular struggles.

One usually hears this sort of talk in October of an election year. This letter was written on February 5, which shows how desperate people have become and how poor those choices are. It's what people said when Carter was running in 1976, and there's a truth to that. But also true is what Faux said. A neoliberal Democrat opened the door to Reagan, and hence to all those Neanderthal judges and Republican bureaucrats. Accept the terms of the system, and you get the system, on its terms.

'Like a Soft Peanut'

Senator Bob Kerrey made his most memorable contribution to Campaign '92 in the form of an unkempt simile, saying that if Bill Clinton becomes the Democratic nominee, the Republicans will break him open in the fall "like a soft peanut." But how vulnerable is the Governor of Arkansas?

Actually Clinton is animate proof of how indistinguishable the two parties are in most respects. The most obvious vulnerabilities from the perspective of the popular press are the Vietnam War draft dodging and the women. Clinton is now wrestling insinuations that he was a coward by saying that if he had been O/C White House Situation Room on February 26, 1991, he would have given Stormin' Norman that extra day to get Saddam, who, as a "military target" rather than the mark of an outright "assassination," would have been legitimate game—an argument last heard when Reagan sent nine F-111s to bomb Qaddafi's tent. In any case, the question of Clinton's draft evasion would be a difficult one for Bush to press given Dan Quayle's history.

As for the women, who knows? People might not care much about them, or might think the whole subject is too cheap to care about, but Bush could indict Clinton simply as a liar. Clinton did get Gennifer Flowers on the state payroll, but since Bush has supposedly made one of his mistresses an ambassador, this issue might end in a tie.

On the broader question of Clinton's favors to his friends, Larry Nichols—the man fired by Clinton from the Arkansas Development Finance Authority, and the original source of the Flowers story—claims that connections to Clinton are practically a requirement for companies seeking loans from ADFA. (ADFA, which grew out of an agency offering low-interest loans for housing construction, was vastly expanded

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

by Clinton in 1985 to attract capital to the state for the purpose of economic development, offering companies long-term loans financed through the sale of tax-exempt bonds.) And, indeed, names appearing in ADFA documents reviewed by my colleagues Bryce Hoffman and JoAnn Wypijewski bear the aroma of Clinton's circle. Among underwriters of the bond issues we have copies of, Stephens Inc. features prominently. The company's chairman, Jackson Stephens, and his son Warren have helped Clinton raise more than $100,000 for his campaign. In January the bank Stephens has a controlling interest in, Worthen National, extended to Clinton a $2 million line of credit. Another familiar name on the bond issues is the now-defunct Lasater and Co. Dan Lasater, who headed the company, is a longtime friend of Clinton and his brother, Roger. Both Roger and Lasater were busted for cocaine, the former on a stiffer charge.

Then there's the Rose law firm, Hillary Clinton's firm, whose name adorns both bond issues and loan agreement papers. Hillary Clinton has represented a company owned by Stephens Inc. in litigation. Rose partner Webb Hubbel represented the recipient of the first loan that ADFA made, a company called Park on Meter, or POM, whose name has cropped up in talk about Mena, discussed in this column on February 10 and 24. Hubbel had been secretary of POM in the early 1980s. Hubbel's client in the ADFA deal was Seth Ward Jr., the current president of POM, known as a friend of Clinton. The Worthen bank appears among institutions that have from time to time had liens on POM.

Now to Clinton's association with the B.C.C.I. scandal. Jackson Stephens brokered the arrival of B.C.C.I. in America in 1977. He is an old friend of Bert Lance and was investment banker to Lance's National Bank of Georgia. Stephens introduced Lance to Saudi billionaire Ghaith Pharaon, who, fronting for B.C.C.I., would later buy the National Bank of Georgia, and to B.C.C.I. founder, Agha Hassan Abedi. Lance later urged Abedi to buy First American Bankshares in Washington. According to S.E.C. documents, Stephens had also steered Abedi toward First American. Stephens was named, along with Lance and B.C.C.I., in the S.E.C.'s 1978 civil suit on the takeover of First American. More recently—in 1990—another B.C.C.I. investor, Abdullah Taha Bakhsh, doubled his stake in Worthen National, to a $10 million share. And last year Jackson Stephens joined with Mochtar Riady, another B.C.C.I. investor, to buy the B.C.C.I. Hong Kong subsidiary from its British liquidators. News of Stephens's ties to B.C.C.I. came out before he gave his fundraising boost to Clinton and before Worthen made its $2 million loan to the campaign. So Clinton is running for President on funds linked to one of the biggest banking collapses in history.

Clinton and drug policy is another area of vexed confluence. According to Clinton's issues deputy, John Kroger, Clinton feels "the real solution to the drug problem is to decrease demand." On that score he backs increased drug education, free drug treatment on demand, etc. But Clinton also "supports continued efforts to interdict drugs coming into the U.S.," favoring "expanded use of the military, especially for purposes of tracking and stopping small planes coming into this country."

So why hasn't he pursued the drug-smuggling trail that leads to Mena, the town and airport in western Arkansas? Clinton can't claim ignorance of the fact that Arkansas served as a nexus for international drug operations. One of his state prosecutors, Charles Black, brought this to his attention in 1988. For five years before that there was a federal investigation into drug money laundering in Arkansas—an investigation joined by Clinton's own State Police. As part of that a federal grand jury was assembled. This grand jury was eventually dissolved, and the local press carried reports that members of the panel had been prevented from seeing crucial evidence, hearing important witnesses and even seeing the twenty-nine-count draft indictment on money laundering drawn up by an attorney with the Justice Department's Operation Greenback. In 1989 Clinton received petitions from Arkansas citizens demanding that he convene a state grand jury and continue the investigation. Winston Bryant, now the state Attorney General, made the subject of drugs and Mena an issue in his campaign in 1990. A year later Bryant turned over the state files involving Mena, along with petitions from 1,000 citizens, to Iran/*contra* special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh, who has since continued to amass information. Later that year, on August 12, 1991, Clinton's adviser on criminal justice wrote to a concerned citizen to say that the Governor understood that the matter of criminal activity in Mena was being studied or otherwise taken up by Bryant, Walsh and Arkansas Representative Bill Alexander.

Yet with all this knowledge, Clinton has done nothing. The state Attorney General does not have the power to conduct an investigation, but the state prosecutor does. When Charles Black urged Clinton to allocate funds for such an investigation, Clinton ignored his request. The State Police were taken off the case after the federal government scrapped its investigation. Now the ball is back with Clinton, and he continues to do nothing. Congressman Alexander tells us that it was clear to him that the only thing holding up an investigation at the state level was the absence of a commitment toward funding. Last fall Alexander arranged for Congress to allocate $25,000 to restart an investigation in Arkansas. Since then the money has been held up behind a wall of bureaucratic excuses in Little Rock.

One can imagine the political hay someone could make of this: Is Arkansas a haven for drug pushers? Are little children in Arkansas still being hooked while Bill Clinton stands idly by? Have companies and financial institutions in the state been used for money laundering? Are planes going in and out of Mena being used for drug cargoes? And what's Clinton doing feeding off B.C.C.I.'s American matchmaker? But can anyone imagine Bush asking such questions?

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ARTICLES.

MURDER WILL OUT—BUT

It's Still Open Season on Gays

DONNA MINKOWITZ

On January 10 Erik Brown, 21, and Esat Bici, 19, were sentenced to twenty-five years to life for the July 2, 1990, murder of Julio Rivera, a gay man from the South Bronx. The two youths had bragged to friends about killing the 29-year-old bartender "because he was gay," but nobody, gay and lesbian activists included, really expected them to go to jail for it. Most antigay murders are never prosecuted, and those that are typically result in acquittals or light sentences. No wonder Brown's and Bici's families, friends and attorneys were outraged. Suddenly, a district attorney and a judge had diverged from the criminal justice system's time-honored view of gay-bashing as an offense on a par with jaywalking.

Bici's aunt, Aferdita Suljovic, shouted homophobic execrations for twenty minutes outside the courtroom as Rivera's friends and the media filed out: "It's about time we started picking on them! They have special privileges, but we're *real people*—people that didn't lose any chromosomes! Because [Queens D.A. Richard] Brown wants to keep his job, you know who's gonna be voting for him—pretty in pink!" Brown's and Bici's friends taunted, "Put your lipstick on, honey!" as Rivera's ex-lover walked by in tears. (During the trial, they had baited gay spectators with whispers of "Faggot.") Like Brown's and Bici's defense lawyers, they didn't seem to grasp that open expressions of disdain for gay people might hurt the defendants' case.

At the sentencing hearing, Bici's lawyer, Barry Rhodes, acknowledged for the first time that the defendants "went out to commit an assault, to beat someone up," but asked for leniency on the ground that they hadn't planned for the victim to actually *die*. Rhodes, who'd earlier informed a reporter that "Bici is normal—he likes girls," lay ultimate blame for the tragedy at the feet of gay and lesbian activists, whom, in a gorgeous example of doublespeak, he termed a "lynch mob." Hearing the phrase, I could only think of the way Rivera died, butchered by Bici, Brown and co-defendant Daniel Doyle with a hammer, knife and plumber's wrench after the three had gone out looking for a "homo" to "tune up"—as Doyle put it—after a skinhead party. Combing a popular gay cruising area in Jackson Heights, Queens, for a likely victim, they lured Rivera into a secluded alcove in a schoolyard and then beat him viciously.

Harold Harrison, Erik Brown's attorney, also made gay people out to be the real criminals in the case. The jury, he declared, "ended up carrying out the desires of the gay-rights activists" pressing for "the furtherance of the 'No Gay-Bashing' doctrine they espoused." Harrison actually argued that the trial had been unfair because defense attorneys were not allowed to exclude gays and lesbians from the jury.

During the trial itself, both defense lawyers relied heavily on homophobic arguments. Harrison and Rhodes frequently alluded to Rivera's active sex life, implying that, as a promiscuous gay man, he deserved what he got. Rhodes asked Alan Sack, Rivera's ex-lover, what precautions he had taken while holding Rivera's blood-covered body, so that the attorney could elicit the word "AIDS" in response. An eyewitness who saw Brown and Bici fleeing the scene of the crime was asked, "Weren't you cruising that night?" Even in jury selection, Harrison and Rhodes had appealed to potential jurors' homophobia by asking if they'd ever heard of Dykes on Bikes, a lesbian social group completely unconnected to the case.

It's customary for defense lawyers in gay-bashing cases to use homophobia as their main trial strategy. But what was unusual about the Rivera trial was that the judge, jury and prosecutors declined to aid them in this effort. In a 1983 case in Washington, D.C., two college students were found guilty of torturing a gay man (taking a knife to his testicles and nearly killing him) in a public park. Yet the judge sentenced them to 400 hours of community service, on the ground that they had acted in response to a sexual proposition from the victim. In a 1988 trial of an antigay murder in Broward County, Florida, the judge chucklingly asked the prosecutor, "That's a crime now, to beat up a homosexual?" It's not uncommon for antigay killers to brag about the deed—as Brown and Bici did—and get acquitted anyway. In a 1986 Kalamazoo, Michigan, case, 17-year-old Terry Kerr had boasted to friends about killing a "fag." Prosecutors said he'd kicked Harry Wayne Watson "until blood sprayed from his face" and then gone home and returned with a sledgehammer to administer the fatal blows. But a jury acquitted Kerr because he claimed he was reacting to a sexual advance from Watson. The presiding judge in the case, Robert Borsos, later said, "I would have found first degree murder if it had been a bench trial."

Defense attorneys who use homophobia as a tactic have good reason to believe they will find friends on the bench or in the jurors' box. At a 1988 sentencing hearing for the convicted killer of two gay men, Dallas Judge Jack Hampton referred to the victims as "queers" and said he was handing down a light sentence because "I put prostitutes and queers at the same level. . . . And I'd be hard put to give somebody life for killing a prostitute." The "prostitute" comparison is telling. To authorities like Hampton, both women and gay people deserve a beating if they're sexually active. Victims of gay-bashing often receive the same judicial treatment as rape victims; both sets of complainants are deemed to be "asking for it."

Even prosecutors are often reluctant to ask for harsh sentences in gay-bashings and frequently decline to argue that antigay bias was the motive. Even more disturbing, some have made egregiously homophobic statements to the press. In a January 6 letter to the editor of the New York *Daily News*,

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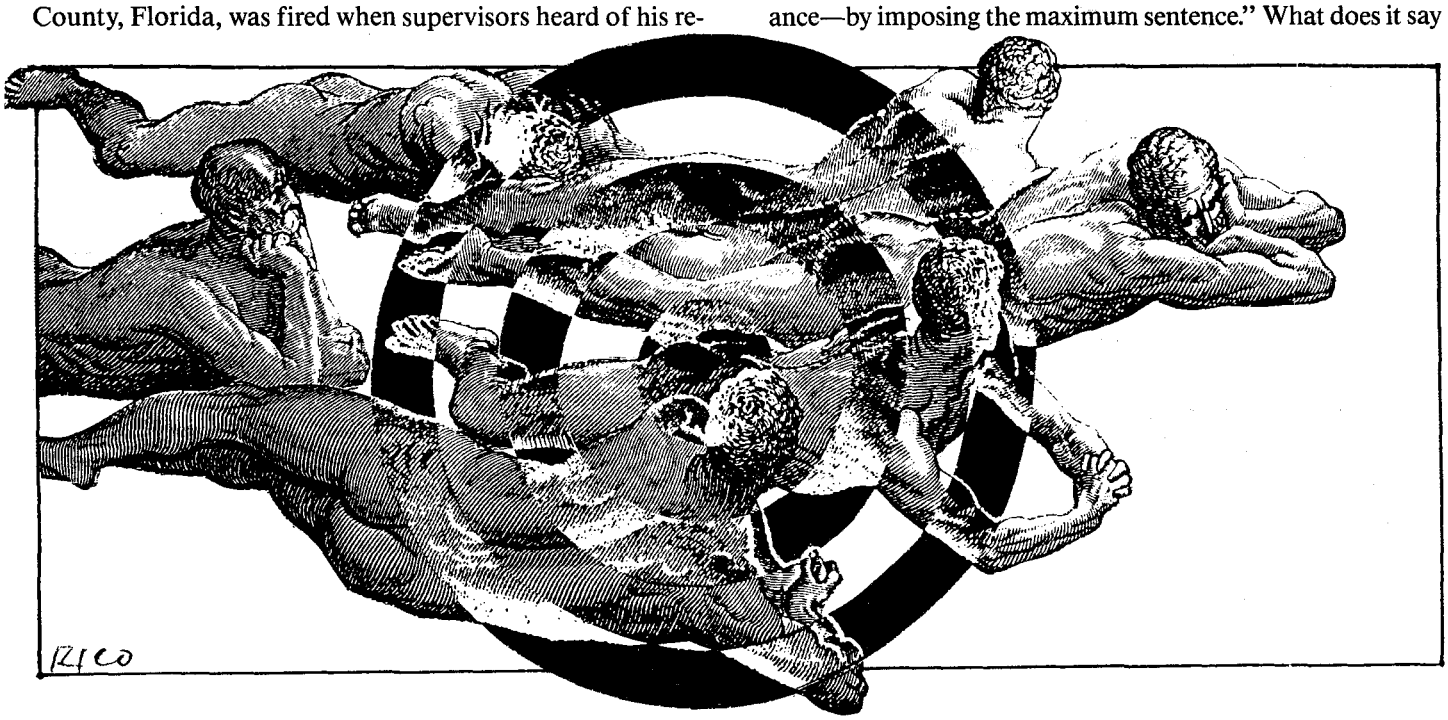
Nassau County D.A. Denis Dillon described gays and lesbians as engaging in "deviant disordered sexual practices which contravene Catholic moral teaching," and he applauded the organizers of the St. Patrick's Day parade for keeping out "militant homosexuals." Dillon is currently supervising the prosecution of Angelo Esposito, accused in the December 28 antigay slaying of 26-year-old Henry Marquez near a gay bar in Bellmore, Long Island. How can Dillon be expected to deliver a strong prosecution if he says gay people are immoral? Similarly, the district attorney of Niagara County, Peter Broderick, declared in a 1989 radio interview that lesbians and gay men are "sick people" and "queers." If prosecutors think such statements are appropriate, no wonder gay-bashers do.

But the biggest obstacle to prosecuting antigay murders is often the police. Even in New York City, one of the few cities where cops deign to keep records on antigay crimes, police consistently undercount homophobic attacks, refusing in many instances to label them as bias crimes. A bias label brings heightened scrutiny that often gives police and other officials greater incentive to pursue the case. In 1990 the N.Y.P.D. classified 102 cases as antigay, but at least three times that number had been reported to them, according to data compiled by the New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project. In more than two-thirds of the cases, police disputed victims' belief that the attacks were bias-motivated. In the Rivera case, it took police nine months to classify the murder as a bias crime, and they never assigned a full-time detective to the murder. They let valuable early leads slip out of their hands because, among other reasons, they were reluctant to give credence to the statements of a gay prostitute who linked the three skinheads to the crime. The Anti-Violence Project and Queer Nation had to demonstrate for four months and heckle Mayor David Dinkins at a fundraiser before any arrests were made.

Police in other cities are often worse. In Dallas, recruit Mica England was told she could not be hired as a police officer because she is a lesbian. (A Texas state court recently ruled that the department could no longer use such criteria in hiring.) Thomas Woodard, a bisexual deputy sheriff in Orange County, Florida, was fired when supervisors heard of his relationship with a man. And do we even have to mention the callousness of the Milwaukee police, who nonchalantly returned a bleeding 14-year-old boy to the clutches of Jeffrey Dahmer because, apparently, they assumed violence between gay lovers was natural? When police are openly homophobic, how can they be relied on to solve antigay hate crimes? In a 1989 study, 73 percent of gay-bashing survivors surveyed had declined to report the attack to police; most said their reason was fear of encountering antigay treatment from police officers. In fact, police homophobia nationwide is the main reason there are no meaningful national statistics on antigay murders. The Hate Crimes Statistics Act, recently passed by Congress, mandates that the F.B.I. keep records on crimes motivated by homophobia (among other biases), but the F.B.I. receives all its data on nonfederal crimes from local police departments. Since most departments still refuse to keep records on antigay offenses, the only homophobic crimes the F.B.I. can be expected to chart with any accuracy are federal ones—a category into which very few gay-bashings fit. And only a few cities have gay and lesbian antiviolence organizations with sufficient resources to tally the crimes themselves. In New York, the Anti-Violence Project reported thirteen murders in 1990 and sixteen in 1989, at least two-thirds of which the project defines as definitely bias-motivated. Very few of them received any attention from the media or from politicians.

Unlike the vast majority of homophobic killings, however, the murder of Julio Rivera resulted in arrests, convictions and substantial jailtime for the killers. The reason can be expressed in one word: activism. Led by Matt Foreman of the Anti-Violence Project, by Queer Nation and by Alan Sack, activists bit onto this case and would not let go, harrying police, prosecutors and the Mayor for more than a year and a half to treat this crime with the seriousness it deserved. Finally, this past January, they saw the fruits of their labor: Judge Ralph Sherman stated from the bench that "courts of this state should send out a message that our society cannot, will not and must not tolerate these crimes of senseless intolerance—by imposing the maximum sentence." What does it say



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about the current situation of gay people in America that we must count it as a mammoth victory when someone actually serves time in jail for killing us? Ending gay-bashing itself—the most common kind of bias attack, according to the Justice Department—is still another matter. □

OTHER RODNEY KINGS?

Let's Make It a Federal Case

PAUL CHEVIGNY

On March 3 last year, the Los Angeles police unmercifully beat a black man, Rodney King, who had been stopped for speeding, and shot him with darts from a nonlethal gun called a taser, which is supposed to be used to catch fleeing suspects. Fortuitously videotaped by a bystander, the beating was memorably broadcast on television all over this country and abroad. The resulting furor, including a condemnation of the beating by President Bush, focused unprecedented attention on violence by local police forces. Ten days after the attack, then-Attorney General Dick Thornburgh asked his staff to review past complaints about police brutality "to discern whether any pattern of misconduct is apparent."

A year later, the federal government still has no clear idea of the answer to that question. Although a blue-ribbon commission in Los Angeles later found a pattern of such abuses in the L.A.P.D., the question has sunk out of sight as a national issue. Was such a police beating common or rare? Are such incidents declining in the nation? Is the L.A.P.D. particularly brutal compared with other local police forces? Are there some accepted measures that could be taken to reduce such police violence?

Questions like these are perennial; they nag at us every time an incident like the L.A. beating occurs, and then they are gone with the headlines. We never make much progress in finding the answers, and I finally understand why. The federal government, in all its functions—judicial, legislative, executive and administrative—has been organized, with occasional exceptions, to know little and do nothing systematic about local police abuses. I suppose I always knew this in the way that we Americans all know that police problems are supposed to be peculiarly "local." But I did not grasp how complete is the learned—no, studied—incapacity of the federal government until I was asked by Human Rights Watch during the L.A.P.D. scandal to look at federal oversight of local police as a problem in international human rights. I had to step back from our system and look at it as one might examine relations between the national government and local police in another federal system, for example in Mexico or Argentina.

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International standards for law enforcement, developed at the United Nations over the past fifteen years, are straightforward. As embodied in the U.N.'s "Basic Principles on the Use of Force and Firearms by Law Enforcement Officials," they provide that police may use force "only when strictly necessary and to the extent required for the performance of their duty," and that the use of nonlethal, as well as lethal, weapons "should be carefully controlled." They call for a superior officer to be held responsible when he knows or should know about abuses by officers under his command, and they mandate effective reporting and review procedures for incidents of injury or death. Although the Constitution also sets some general limits on officials' use of force, the federal government does not monitor local compliance even with constitutional, not to speak of international, standards; there are, for example, no federal "reporting and review" procedures for local police violence. The federal government is largely ignorant about compliance with police standards at the local level; it knows little about how local police use force, what they do to control the use of weapons or whether commanding officers are held responsible.

During the L.A.P.D. flap, the Justice Department's Assistant for Civil Rights, John Dunne, sought to soothe a momentarily agitated Congress:

> We are not the "front-line" troops in combatting instances of police abuse. That role properly lies with the internal affairs bureaus of law enforcement agencies and with state and local prosecutors. The federal enforcement program is more a "back-stop" to these other resources.

That is still a fair statement of the existing situation, but it only emphasizes how the federal government has never had the stomach to recognize and use its powers to stop local police brutality. Yet the use of excessive force can be a violation of constitutional rights—a denial of due process of law, for example—and the deliberate violation of constitutional rights by a local official is a federal crime. The Justice Department's work on crime, however, has made very little difference in our knowledge about the incidence of police brutality. The department has received about the same number of criminal civil rights complaints, including some for police abuses, every year for the past decade. Prosecutions have been few because Justice has a longstanding policy of not pressing a federal case when the local district attorney is already acting under state law and because the federal prosecutor is obliged to prove, in each case, that the accused official acted with the "specific intent" to violate constitutional rights.

The jurisdiction on the civil side is even more stunted; there is no statute authorizing the government to bring a case, for example, to enjoin a pattern of police abuse. During the notorious regime of Mayor Frank Rizzo in Philadelphia, Jimmy Carter's Justice Department sued the city to stop the "widespread [police] practice of violating the rights of persons they encounter in the streets and elsewhere in the city." The U.S. Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit dismissed the case, claiming that to recognize an implied power in the government to bring such a suit would create a remedy of "incredible

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breadth and scope." The Philadelphia case was the Waterloo of federal intervention against local police; no wonder Dunne preferred to claim a modest role for the national government.

That limitation on civil lawsuits undoubtedly ought to be changed; Congress should give the Justice Department the power to intervene against systematic local abuses of constitutional rights, as the A.C.L.U. and the N.A.A.C.P. were urging during the scandal a year ago. But that change—which would be politically difficult to bring about—would probably do little to affect national consciousness about police problems. The narrowness of existing federal jurisdiction reflects how much local officials fear criticism, and how eager federal officials are to accommodate them, all in the name of some vague localism. If national powers to intervene were expanded, it is very unlikely that an Attorney General in a Reagan-Bush sort of administration would want to exercise such a power, and in any case it would not give us systematic information about local police.

If our aim is to increase public consciousness and gradually improve local practices, then direct federal-state confrontation may not be the most useful approach. There are, however, some federal tools available that would be easier to use and perhaps more successful. There are a number of programs in which the wall of localism has already been broken down, primarily because federal officials wanted it breached and local officials wanted federal help. Those programs could be reshaped at minimal cost and with little legislative change to give us nationwide information about police, and even to affect local practices.

The Office of Justice Programs within the Justice Department administers a group of agencies dedicated to "Justice System Improvement," including the Bureau of Justice Statistics, which collects data on aspects of the justice system, and the Bureau of Justice Assistance, which gives advice and grants for special programs to local law-enforcement agencies. In 1990 the Office of Justice Programs spent $762 million.

The Bureau of Justice Statistics collects an extraordinary variety of data, mostly from local sources. It has published a report, for example, on the racial composition of prisoners throughout the United States (which has changed from 78 percent white sixty years ago to 44 percent black in 1986) and others on the social characteristics of criminals and victims. Its *Sourcebook of Criminal Justice Statistics* is a 700-plus-page compendium of figures on crime, police, courts and prisons; if you want to know how many wiretap orders were issued in 1989, the number is 763 and it is on page 472. Since the Los Angeles scandal, the *Sourcebook* has reprinted some data from a Gallup poll on public attitudes toward police brutality, but as far as I can tell, the Bureau of Justice Statistics publishes nothing else about police misconduct.

Nevertheless, the bureau clearly has the power to collect data that would throw light on the problems of police violence. The *Sourcebook* publishes the number of police officers killed in the line of duty (sixty-six in 1989), for example, but not the number of civilians shot by police. The federal government seems to collect no figures on the police use of deadly force, although it would not be extraordinarily difficult to do and might be very useful. James Fyfe, once a policeman and now a noted criminologist, was able to show more than a decade ago, by an analysis of police shooting statistics in New York City, that restrictions on police use of weapons could reduce the number of citizens shot without reducing arrests or increasing crime or injuries to police. If figures on shootings by police were correlated with figures on crime, arrests and injuries, we could compare cities throughout the country; the results would be extremely illuminating.

The federal government has the power to collect information on the number and type of citizen complaints against the police; on officers disciplined by departments and the nature of their offenses; on the number of officers prosecuted for local crimes; and on systems of review, command-control and accountability within local departments. If the government used that power, it might give us an idea how widespread police violence is, in what cities it is prevalent and what can be done to decrease it. Because we have no systematic knowledge on the national level—either of the prevalence of police violence or what can be done about it—we simply don't recognize it as a persistent problem. The systematic ignorance of the federal government works very well to keep police violence off the national agenda.

If the government did have such information it could more actively promote reform by withholding federal assistance to local police forces. Although existing aid programs explicitly forbid "direction, supervision or control" by any federal official over local police, the National Institute of Justice is authorized to conduct research on and make suggestions for the improvement of the criminal justice system. The Bureau of Justice Assistance provides funds to local police for equipment

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and to assist specific programs, such as drug enforcement. If the federal government possessed adequate information about police violence, it could establish guidelines on the use of nonlethal weapons, on adequate command responsibility and on fair review of complaints of police brutality. These could legitimately be disseminated to local departments, just as the Justice Department now gives advice and funds for law enforcement against drug trafficking and money laundering.

The next step would be to make federal assistance to local law-enforcement agencies conditional on their compliance with basic principles of due process and respect for human rights. It is common for federal grants to be made conditional on compliance with federal law, and in fact that device is already used, in a limited way, in the Justice Department programs. Federal law-enforcement assistance can be suspended if it is found that the local police have engaged in discrimination in employment. Regarding police brutality, I would make the following proposals:

1) When the Justice Department is satisfied that there is a widespread and continuous pattern of the use of excessive force or other violation of basic rights, federal funding to the local police authority should be terminated. There should be a hearing procedure to determine the facts, as there is under the present system when a department is accused of discrimination.

2) When resources supplied under a federal program have themselves been used in connection with acts of police brutality, an equivalent sum should be returned to the government. Think, for a moment, about that taser gun used on Rodney King. In many cases police have obtained sophisticated hardware through federal programs; when that hardware is used to abuse citizens, local departments should pay for it in full.

These proposals are the minimum Washington ought to ask in return for the millions of dollars it spends on law-enforcement assistance. The fact that they are not on the agenda is partly a result of ignorance, cultivated over generations, about local violations of citizens' rights. If the government collected such information, it might begin to seem natural for it to do something about those violations. And not incidentally, it might enable America to comply with international standards for law enforcement. □

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

The Ghosts of Nationalism

DANIEL SINGER

The specter haunting Europe today, as it approaches the twenty-first century, is the ghost of nineteenth-century nationalism. It sends shivers down spines everywhere on the no longer formally split but still deeply divided Continent. In eastern Europe, the collapse of the Stalinist empire, followed by the fragmentation of the Soviet Union itself, has provided scope for the resurrection of local nationalisms. Since the alleged purpose of the whole operation is to reverse the course of recent history, this revival of nation-states is logical, even if it does not make much sense. In western Europe, where history has developed more in line with what was expected and the boundaries of the nation-state are being blurred, rejection of the alien, of the other, is spreading from Brussels to Vienna; the racist Jean-Marie Le Pen is no longer the odd man out. Is there some link between these two dangerous trends?

Recent developments in central and eastern Europe are probably easiest to understand. The Stalinist regime had been thrust upon these countries, even if it was imposed by the Red Army liberating them from the Nazis. The discarding of "communism" in 1989 was at the same time a rejection of Russian domination. Since then, the new regimes, while enjoying their newly found independence, have been fast discovering its economic limitations. But, as discontent is rising and the governments do not dare to rebel against the iron rule of the International Monetary Fund, they must seek scapegoats. Putting the blame on the "commies" can work for a while, and attacks against "aliens," within or without national frontiers, are a classical substitute for solutions.

On the face of it, the evolution of the former Soviet Union is more difficult to grasp, since nationalism was supposed to have been uprooted there by seventy years of socialism and equality of national groups. The plain answer is that there was no more equality than there was socialism. The Russification of the outlying republics was no more acceptable because it was practiced by a Georgian tyrant and the ruthless dictation from Moscow no more bearable because it was disguised in Marxist mumbo jumbo. Nationalism was never uprooted in the Soviet Union. In Russia itself it was at times extolled and at other times suppressed. In the other republics it was always driven underground. There it festered. When *perestroika* unleashed pent-up discontents and *glasnost* allowed their expression, nationalism came back with a vengeance.

By the time Mikhail Gorbachev perceived that the union could be saved only through some form of federation of independent states, it was too late. In fairness, it must be added that he was not helped by Russia's so-called democrats. In his

Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s Europe correspondent.*

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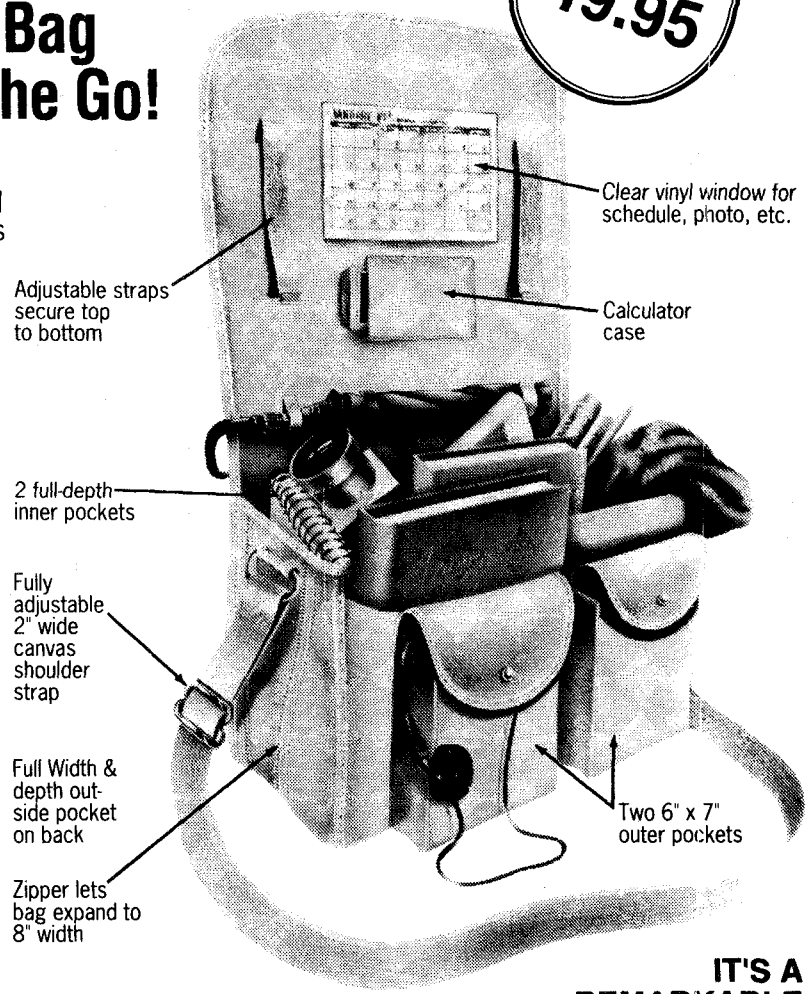
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relentless struggle for power Boris Yeltsin played the nationalist card to the hilt, and he must now pay the price for his victory. Why should the Bashkirs, Tatars or Komi in Russia treat Russia as "one and indivisible" when the Kazakhs, Uzbeks and the Russians themselves refused to grant that definition to the Soviet Union? Why should the Ukrainians or the Belarussians permit Yeltsin in Moscow to set their economic and military policy now that they are allegedly sovereign members of a commonwealth? After all, they refused such dictation by Gorbachev while they were still full members of the Soviet Union.

In principle, devolution—the transfer of power from a monolithic center to republics—is progressive. In practice, a nationalism based on common blood, ethnicity and historical tradition is seldom conducive to democracy. Besides, the disruption it will cause is likely to be tremendous. In human terms the Soviet Union was a melting pot. Seventy-five million people, a quarter of the total population, live outside their native republics. Non-natives account for more than 60 percent of the population of Kazakhstan, nearly half the population of Latvia and Kyrgyzstan, and more than 27 percent of Ukraine, which gives an idea of possible migrations should there be ethnic conflict in these republics. In economic terms, because of central planning under Communism, the integration is very high. The trade among the Soviet republics, as a percentage of the national product, has been nearly twice as high as that among the member states of the Common Market. The emergence of different currencies and tariff walls is bound to have a paralyzing effect on the economy.

Why did the leaders of the republics opt for such a harmful solution? Partly because, like sorcerers' apprentices, they set in motion forces they have not been able to control. Partly because, within their narrower frontiers, they and their friends expect they will be better able to dominate the process of privatization and thus consolidate their power and privileges. They also hope to carve for themselves a bigger slice of foreign investment. In the case of Russia, which has half the population of the former union but more than 60 percent of its production and the bulk of such resources as crude oil and natural gas, the new leaders may hope to bully their way back to an imperial position. All these conflicting expectations, however, point to a dangerous future.

Naturally, Stalin cannot be blamed for it all. The tragic situation in Yugoslavia, where under Tito the nationalities policy was less repressive, shows not only the explosive potential of the post-Soviet equation. It is also a reminder that the uprooting of antagonistic nationalism (though obviously not of cultural identity) is a more complex problem than Marxist textbooks tended to suggest. Yet when all this has been said, the simultaneous revival of primitive capitalism and the nation-state in eastern Europe fits into an established pattern and points to the past (nationalism there was described as an "infantile disorder," to use Lenin's expression in another context, of the transition to capitalism). On the other hand, the revival of xenophobia and racism in a western Europe of vanishing frontiers does not fit that pattern and is a pointer to the future.

Admittedly, the nation-state has not disappeared in western Europe. Indeed, General de Gaulle showed how effective an instrument it could be in the hands of a determined ruler. Nevertheless, the deal struck last month with I.B.M. by the French company Groupe Bull, the state-owned company picked by the general himself to counter the American computer invasion, confirmed how difficult it is for a medium-sized state to resist economic encroachment on its own. The road from Maastricht, the Netherlands (site of the recent conference on unification), however tortuous and full of pitfalls, will lead western Europe to some form of federation. Why is this gradual lifting of frontiers accompanied by a big boost for xenophobic parties in recent elections in Austria, Belgium, Italy and Switzerland; by violent attacks against immigrants throughout Germany; by (if things go as expected) another advance for Le Pen's National Front in France's regional elections this month?

The one answer that can be dismissed at once is the prevailing one that the foreign population in western Europe has exceeded the so-called "threshold of tolerance," beyond which

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the host country rejects any newcomers. France, where this new wave of xenophobia reached a political level, is an old country of immigration, and the share of foreigners in its population, and in its labor force, is exactly the same today as it was before the last war. Indeed, the proportion of immigrants in western Europe was roughly the same twenty years ago as it is today, and it was perfectly bearable. It was only after 1975 and the rise of unemployment that it began to be described as intolerable. The phenomenon is thus not due to any population "threshold" but to an economic crisis.

Immigrant labor massively entered the European economy in the 1960s and early 1970s, that is to say, in the second phase of the unprecedented expansion that changed the face of western Europe. Indeed, manning the assembly lines and filling jobs that were dirty, difficult, monotonous or dangerous, the immigrant workers were a key element in that economic miracle. By standing on the backs of these people, the natives could climb the ladder to the higher-skilled, white-collar jobs. Everything was fine until the mid-1970s, when the deep structural crisis altered the mode of production and lowered the demand for unskilled immigrant labor. Then it was discovered that the provisional had become permanent, that the "guests," as the Germans euphemistically called them, had come to stay.

Not that it was possible to get rid of them rapidly in any case. The natives were not rushing to fill their unrewarding jobs. But the foreigner could now, once again, be painted as the culprit, responsible not only for rising unemployment but also for overcrowding, insecurity, the decline in social services—in short, for all the social evils concealed during the period of rapid growth and now revealed by the economic crisis. That aliens are scapegoats is illustrated all the time. In the recent epidemic of immigrant-bashing in Germany, there were many more cases in the east, where foreigners are few, than in the west, where they are more numerous. And the argument is carried *ad absurdum* by Poland's anti-Semitism without Jews. Jingoism is not a reflection of the number of immigrants. It is a symptom of a deeper sickness in society.

August Bebel, one of the founders of German social democracy, described anti-Semitism as the "socialism of fools," and there is a great temptation to extend this formula to all forms of xenophobia. The snag is that the recent waves of jingoism are not very "national socialist" in their propaganda. Nearly all the movements have had anti-Semitic undertones and quite often a weak spot for the Nazis, but they do not echo the allegedly anticapitalist slogans of their predecessors from the 1930s. A Le Pen can vituperate against the Brussels bureaucracy, but he cannot attack the Nazis' *bête noire*, the "Jewish-American plutocracy," and at the same time describe himself, as he does, as a sort of French Ronald Reagan.

This significant shift cannot be explained simply by the fact that socialism today is unfashionable. It is largely due to a difference in the economic context. Although unemployment in western Europe is now roughly three times higher than it was twenty years ago, it has not reached the proportions of the prewar Depression, nor is the fate of its victims comparable. Although discontent is high, workers are not flocking en masse to Le Pen and his equivalents. The danger for western Europe

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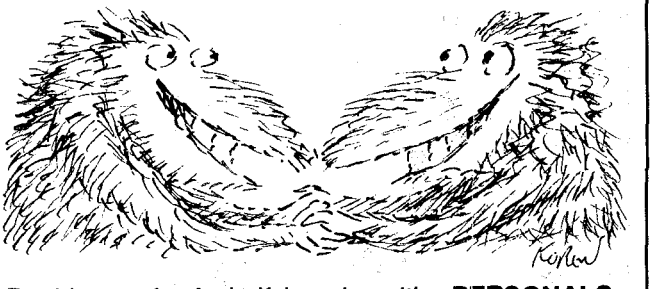

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is not an immediate takeover by various National Fronts. The threat lies in the gradual extension of the disease: the spread of racism and the weakening of class solidarity, sapping society's capacity for resistance should a really catastrophic slump bring back another bout of the deadly epidemic.

What connection is there between this creeping xenophobia in the west and the potentially more explosive jingoism of eastern Europe, where economic tensions are already reaching the breaking point? The first link is obvious now that Europe's great divide has been formally abolished. Until the last war eastern Europe was a great provider of immigrants for western Europe, as well as for the United States. Deprived of this source, the advanced countries of northwestern Europe had to look to the south for labor, first to Italy, Spain and Portugal, then to Turkey or, across the Mediterranean, Africa.

Now that western Europe is no longer mobilizing its army of labor, it is faced with two waves of recruits, one coming from the south, the other from the east. In Poland, the pioneer on the road to capitalism, the percentage of jobless has already reached double figures and keeps on rising. As Russia follows its "shock therapy," the figure one will have to play with will approach not 3 million but 30 million unemployed. No wonder that the countries of the Common Market are now trying to formulate a joint immigration policy. With the Berlin wall dismantled, can they erect a new economic iron curtain along the Oder-Neisse line?

There is a deeper link between the revival of nationalism in the two halves of Europe. It is the simultaneous disappearance of a socialist alternative. Oversimplifying, one may say that nineteenth-century nationalism had two versions. The first, stemming from the American and French revolutions, was rationalist and universalist, trying to carry its values to the world at large. Socialism, promising not only to lift frontiers but also to give social content to the otherwise empty slogans of liberty and equality, was, in a sense, its heir. The other version, sponsored by German thinkers, was based on blood, kith and kin, and a historic tradition played to the tune of the *Nibelungen*. Now that the heritage of the former has been temporarily discredited through Communist crimes and social democratic surrender, the latter, darker side of nationalism is now dominant.

The error of those who proclaim the "end of history" is to assume that the collapse of the neo-Stalinist empire, and with it, however unfairly, the socialist dream, heralds the smooth advance of classical capitalism. It is true that capital now supplies the only universal model, with its McDonald's, its television serials and, more important, its system of management and exploitation. Yet, as it spreads across the planet, it squeezes, marginalizes and antagonizes growing numbers. Unless a new socialism that is cured of the disease of centralism and its overemphasis on growth provides those millions with democratic solutions—control over their economic as well as their political life—they will inevitably turn to the dangerous mixture of race, religion and ethnicity, a mixture that, incidentally, is not only for Muslim consumption. Which brings us back to the beginning: Until a resurrected, reinvented socialism inspires the people with hope and vision, and their rulers with genuine fear, the specter that is haunting Europe from Paris to Moscow will be the specter of nationalism. □

HOOPA, YUROK AND CONGRESS

Tribal Rights, Tribal Wrongs

SUSAN E. DAVIS

Herbie O'Neill's mother died when he was born, in 1918. His father was killed in World War I. The orphanage in Santa Rosa didn't know what to do with Indians when it closed, so O'Neill, who is half Cherokee and half Yurok, was sent to the Hoopa Valley Reservation. Back then the reservation belonged to all Northern California Indians. The fact that O'Neill was Yurok and his stepfamily was Hoopa didn't matter. He and his stepfather hunted and gathered and fished all over the valley, the surrounding twelve-mile "Square" and the land along the Klamath River.

That kind of harmony is now only a memory. Ever since Congress passed the Hoopa-Yurok Settlement Act in 1988, Hoopa Valley, the largest reservation in California and site of some of the most valuable old-growth Douglas fir in the world, has belonged exclusively to the Hoopa. Other Indians, mostly Yurok and Karuk—even lifelong residents of the Square like O'Neill—have rights only to the "Extension," an impoverished twenty-mile strip along the Klamath. Those who haven't joined a Congressionally formed Yurok Tribe, one defined by statute and legal obligation rather than by lineage and self-identification, have lost all federal rights as Indians.

"You live somewhere all your life," says O'Neill, now an elder among the Yurok, "and then you can't call it home anymore. I put lots of sweat and blood into this part of the world. But I have people I got raised with who won't talk to me anymore, just because I'm Yurok."

He and sixty-eight other non-Hoopa Indians, as well as one federally recognized tribe to which some of them belong, are seeking to overturn the Settlement Act as a violation of their constitutional rights. It is the first lawsuit to question, on First Amendment grounds, Congress's authority to determine tribal membership. "This is one of the most egregious examples of Congress deciding to do what it wants with Indian land and self-government, without consideration of constitutionality or fairness," says Curtis Berkey of the Indian Law Resource Center in Washington. "You know if these people were white, Congress would not dream of doing this. But if Congress can do this to the Yurok, it can do it to any tribe. Indians across the country will be watching this case to see what happens." The case, which had been dismissed on a technical procedural issue, is currently before the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit, and oral argument is set for April 15.

The Hoopa Valley Indian Reservation was established in 1876 as a multitribe settlement. The Extension was tacked on in 1891, and the two areas were administered as a single reservation with one census roll. All that changed in the 1950s,

Susan E. Davis is a writer based in San Francisco.

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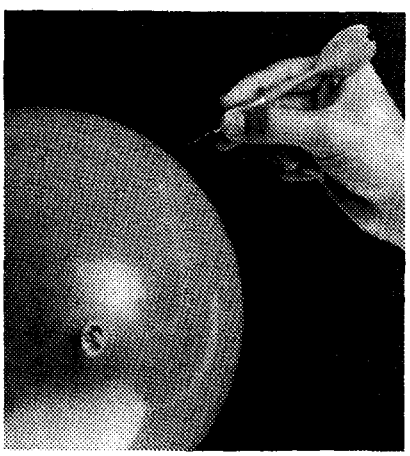

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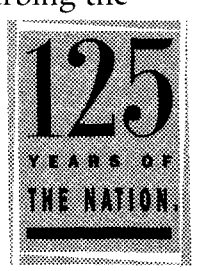

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when the postwar building boom and the laying of paved roads increased the value of the Square's timber. The Bureau of Indian Affairs (B.I.A.) began to cut and sell the timber, and a number of Indians who had allotments on the Square formed the Hoopa Valley Tribe to press for per capita payments. This "tribe" was based on geography, not blood. Indeed, it constituted only one-third of the members of the reservation, and many of these were of mixed Yurok, Hoopa and other lineages.

In 1963, in what came to be called the *Short* case, 3,800 non-Hoopa sued the federal government, saying all Indians had equal rights to profits generated from the joint reservation. Ten years later the courts sided with the plaintiffs, and the B.I.A. established a timber profit escrow account. No funds were paid to the 3,800 plaintiffs, however. Instead, the B.I.A. flouted the ruling and gave the Hoopa Valley Tribal Business Council, the governing body of the new "tribe," sole right to manage the timber and the profits generated thereby.

This compounded inequity triggered the *Puzz* case, which was decided in April of 1988. Again, the court found that the Business Council was not exclusively entitled to manage the timber and that the B.I.A. had to allow everyone on the reservation an equal opportunity to participate in the reservation management in a "non-discriminatory manner."

That should have been the end of it, but eighteen days after the *Puzz* decision came down, Doug Bosco, then a Representative from Northern California and a man closely allied with timber interests, introduced the Settlement Act, which reversed every previous court decision. "We started getting nailed in the 1950s," says Yurok Howard McConnell, whose family has lived in the area for generations. "Then we got things fixed with the *Short* case. Now I'm getting treated like I'm absolutely nothing again—and I was born and raised here. This whole mess is crookeder than a dog's hind leg."

Robert Clinton, an expert in Native American law at the University of Iowa Law School, takes the argument further: "I know of no other instance in American history in which there has been twenty-five years of litigation, with a number of wins, where Congress stepped in, without negotiation, and imposed a settlement that gives the losers almost everything. Contemporary federal Indian policy emphasizes protecting Indian sovereignty. This legislation heralds a return to the termination policies of the early fifties. It's one of the worst things that has happened in Indian country in twenty years."

Termination conjures bitter memories, of a period in the 1940s and 1950s in which government policy was designed to cut Indians loose from both federal protection and federal responsibility—terminating their special status as Native American tribes. What's happening now to the Indians of Northern California looks awfully familiar.

The difference between the Square and the Extension is dramatic. The valley proper, a lush grassland bisected by the Trinity River and banked by steep mountains, has shopping centers, paved roads, electricity and running water. Timber industry profits in the area have been falling in recent years, but on the Square, where logging is not subject to the same export or wildlife protection rules as on nonreservation lands, profits have risen 75 percent in the past eighteen months. At the time of the *Short* case, profits were estimated to range from $1 million to $5 million a year.

By contrast, the Extension, which follows the Klamath all the way to the Pacific, is bleak and inhospitable. It is endowed with neither timber nor arable land, and has neither electricity nor potable water. Few roads are paved; none follow the river's entire length. Non-Hoopa Indians living on the Square don't have to move, but they cannot hunt, fish, gather wood or pick their traditional foodstuffs—roots, acorns, beargrass and mushrooms—in that area. "Now I have to go way upriver, thirty, forty, fifty miles, to fish and cut wood," O'Neill says. Many of the Indians depend on fishing and gathering for their livelihood.

The Hoopa claim the Extension's commercial salmon fishery is worth as much as the Square's timber, but drought, logging debris and offshore commercial fishing have reduced the Klamath River fishery considerably. In 1989 the commercial harvest, recorded by the Pacific Fisheries Management Council, was 27,500. In 1990 and 1991 there was no commercial harvest at all, and only about 10,000 fish were caught in each of those years for subsistence. "That's not enough to support a tribe of ten, never mind 4,000," notes Michael Greenberg, an attorney in the *Short* case.

The Settlement Act divides families as well as resources. Traditionally, Indians in the area lived in scattered villages and cohered by family, language, intermarriage and place more than by political affiliation. Even today most of them—even Hoopa Valley Tribal Business Council members—have mixed blood, and everyone on the reservation knows it.

For instance, according to lineage, Howard McConnell's sister, Carol Ammon, stands in line to be a caretaker of Yurok ceremonial regalia. Her mother, four brothers and son all

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qualify as Yurok. But according to law, she cannot qualify, even though she is at least one-quarter Yurok, because she was born after an arbitrary cutoff date. "I will end up terminated by this bill," she says. "I am losing my entire identity. All this bureaucracy and infighting just makes me wonder, Do I exist? Am I real? Culturally, I feel lost."

Under the Settlement Act, all non-Hoopa Indians are culturally lost. The non-Hoopa—even those already in federally recognized tribes—were given the choice of joining the new Yurok Tribe and waiving all rights to sue the federal government in the future, or accepting a $15,000 lump sum payoff (money, in any event, already owed them from the *Short* case) and renouncing all rights as Native Americans. But the Yurok never had or wanted a formal tribe; they say they prefer a joint government on the reservation. As this article went to press, the Yurok Tribe was deciding whether to defy Congress and sue the government for compensation for loss of its members' rights and property. Such a suit would echo a case filed last year by Carol Ammon and other individuals for damages in their own right.

The Hoopa claim the arrangement is equitable because the Square is their traditional territory, and because the Yurok now have "the opportunity to . . . determine their destiny and manage their resources," according to former tribal forestry chairman Gary Risling. "If we're getting the better deal, it's because of opportunity and aggressiveness." Daniel Jordan, assistant to Hoopa tribal chairman Dale Risling, adds, "We are not one big happy family. There are distinct cultural differences. If there are people here who don't know who they are, that's a problem with their personal identity. It's not the Hoopa Tribe's problem."

Those involved on the Yurok side, however, argue that more than opportunity, aggressiveness and strong personal identities determined the land division. Many suspect foul play. "I have no idea what Bosco's motive in this settlement has been," says William Wunsch, the original attorney in the *Short* case, "but it is an inexplicable, outrageous bill." On one theory, then-Representative Bosco may have been influenced by his father-in-law, Victor Guynup, who owns a dock with Eureka Forest Products and exports considerable amounts of timber. On another, he set in motion a process of terminating thousands of California's Indians in order to take away their fishing rights to Klamath water that is badly needed in the rest of the state. Guynup would not comment. Bosco denies both charges and says he introduced the legislation merely to "settle" twenty-five years of conflict and to cut out the attorneys, who he says "were driving the controversy and getting the profits." He calls the result "fair to both tribes" and argues that it "will lift the Yurok from poverty."

It is difficult to discern the exact path of influence peddling, yet a fair amount of politicking did occur. Throughout the 1980s the Hoopa Tribe set up an extremely effective political machine, with professional lobbyists, a toll-free number and fundraising efforts for Bosco and then-Senator Pete Wilson, now California's Governor. (The Yurok had neither the money nor the experience to develop such strategies.) When the bill was introduced on the Senate floor on October 1, 1988, it was 1 A.M. "At that hour, nobody knew or cared about this bill," McConnell says. At best it was considered a bit of local legislation. "Indian legislation is too often seen as local," says Richard Thierolf, the attorney for the latest lawsuit. Still, Thierolf says that President Reagan had been ready to veto the bill until a call from Wilson, who had been talking to Hoopa leaders at a fundraising barbecue, changed his mind. Reagan signed the bill on October 31—"a Halloween trick," as McConnell puts it.

Yet if the Settlement Act withstands the lawsuit, it will cause shock waves across the country. "This will send a message to other Indian groups that if they protest federal policy toward their natural resources, they'll be dissolved," Clinton says. "It's no accident that the bill was introduced only days after *Puzz* was settled. The Yurok have been singled out because they were putting up a fight and winning. What self-respecting tribe would dare question federal policy after this?"

'I want my family to share both the Hoopa and the Yurok territory and culture.'

The suit charges that by taking their property without compensation and without vote, the act violates the non-Hoopa's Fifth Amendment rights. (During Congressional hearings a number of lawyers and non-Hoopa Indians urged a referendum on the reservation; none was held.) By forcing the non-Hoopa to join a tribe, the suit further charges, the act violates the Indians' First Amendment right to freedom of association and allows Congress to overstep the limits of its power as expressed in the Indian Commerce clause of the Constitution.

"The Yurok may have a tribe now," Thierolf says, "but without real resources and property they may as well be playing house." Curtis Berkey points out that this is a complete reversal of the Administration's policy of self-determination for Indians—the so-called New Federalism, meant to return to Indian groups the right to govern themselves and manage their own resources. Ironically, by forcing the Yurok to form a tribe, the Settlement Act takes away their land *and* their right to self-govern.

In the meantime, life has become more strained on the reservation. Some Hoopa feel guilty about the payments they are receiving in timber profits as a result of the Settlement Act—$5,000 per person initially and annual dividends of up to $500—but none are refusing them, and the gap between the haves and the have-nots is widening. "Everyone's feeling it now," Carol Ammon says. "You see it in the faces of the Yurok looking at the Hoopa. But you know you could never convince a Hoopa who received a check that this was a bad law."

Few non-Hoopa think it's a good one. Some have hinted there could be violence. This would not be unprecedented. In 1978 conflicts over commercial fishing rights on the Klamath blew up into what some have called a "Wild West show,"

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complete with shootouts, boulders being rolled onto boats and people being run off the river at gunpoint. Most reservation dwellers would prefer to avoid violence. "I've always felt that if there was a roundtable, we'd settle to the benefit of all parties," says Betty Jackson, a Yurok whose husband, children and grandchildren are all Hoopa Tribe members.

"I like to look at the old maps and remember the old ways," she added, "when people moved about to follow seasonal foods and kinships and other ties. I'd like to see a healing. I want my family to share both the Hoopa and the Yurok territory and culture. It's not unlike. It's very much alike." □

BUSH'S REGULATORY CHILL

Immoral, Illegal And Deadly

CHRISTINE TRIANO AND NANCY WATZMAN

President Bush invoked the continuing recession during his State of the Union Message when he announced a ninety-day ban on nearly all new federal regulation. But not only will this regulatory moratorium do nothing for the economy, it is already having a profound adverse effect on health, safety and environmental programs. Numerous regulations, involving everything from nursing-home reform to worker exposure to cancer-causing chemicals, are at risk. And any delay of these regulations, even for ninety days, is quite simply a matter of life and death.

Bush's announcement—as election time approaches—is little more than a transparent pitch to corporate America's campaign contributors. Paving the way is Bush's designee to oversee the regulatory freeze, Vice President Quayle's Council on Competitiveness. In fact, the hidden agenda of the Bush plan is to expand radically the power of the Quayle council. A bastion of Reaganesque deregulatory zeal, the council is already responsible for weakening Clean Air Act provisions and other health, safety and environmental programs [see Jim Sibbison, "Dan Quayle, Business's Backdoor Boy," July 29/August 5, 1991]. In most cases, to insure that regulations are fair, government laws require federal agencies to allow all interested parties to contribute, on the record, during the drafting process. But the Quayle council refuses to operate with the same level of openness required of other agencies, thus providing backdoor access to businesses and high-priced lobbyists.

The council has already been accused of violating the law. The Bush moratorium raises further legal questions. Congress delegates authority to federal agencies to carry out laws through regulations. The executive branch can't arbitrarily put constraints on this process. Moreover, the Administrative Procedure Act bars "unreasonable delay" in rule making. Clearly, the President should not be able to halt this process unilaterally. Consumer groups, labor unions and others can be expected to challenge the moratorium in court.

Bush outlined his plan in a series of explicit memorandums to agency heads, stamped January 28, in which they are instructed to impose the moratorium on almost all regulations, save those subject to a statutory or judicial deadline. Perhaps worst of all, Bush has ordered a complete review of all *existing* regulations, which could delay needed protections well beyond ninety days. This means the whole universe of health, safety and environmental regulation is up for grabs.

Michael Boskin, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, and C. Boyden Gray, counsel to the President, will head a working group of the Council on Competitiveness that is charged with orchestrating the whole process. Gray is an old pro in the field of deregulation; he is former director of the Quayle council's predecessor, the Task Force on Regulatory Relief, which Bush headed when he was Vice President.

Public Citizen and OMB Watch have compiled a preliminary list of forty-four regulations across eleven agencies that could be affected by the moratorium and its accompanying "review." Contrary to Gray's bland pronouncements, it is not true that health and safety regulations are exempt from either the moratorium or the review. Bush's memo contains an exemption clause only for those regulations concerning "emergencies" that pose "an imminent danger to human health or safety." It is doubtful that the Administration will make the "emergency" claim for any of the forty-four regulations. Here are just a few that are likely to be labeled as threats to the economy:

§ *Worker exposure to toxic chemicals.* The United States still lacks standards for workplace exposure to a variety of toxic chemicals, such as glycol ethers and formaldehyde. The Labor Department has identified fourteen safety regulations slated to be issued in 1992 under the Bush budget proposal, listing the "costs" (in dollars) and the "benefits" (in number of fatalities avoided) of each regulation on an annual basis. Divide these figures by four, and this standard agency worksheet starkly enumerates the possible impact of the prescribed ninety-day delay—approximately 289 workers' lives may be lost.

§ *Labeling children's toys.* According to government figures, over the past decade at least 186 children have died by choking on small toys and toy parts. A regulation pending at the Consumer Product Safety Commission would require manufacturers to label toys that contain small parts and include an age recommendation for use. A C.P.S.C. review of technical literature, a survey of toy labeling and focus-group observations concluded that labels could effectively warn consumers about the risks posed by small toy parts.

§ *Reporting of adverse effects from medical devices.* One of the reasons doubts about the safety of silicone breast implants took so long to surface was a lack of data. New regulations would force both manufacturers and hospitals to report adverse effects associated with such medical devices to the Food and Drug Administration.

§ *Savings and loan redux.* Taxpayers will have to shell out

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at least $500 billion to pay for the greed and excess of S&L speculators. In an attempt to avoid the same sort of debacle with failing banks, a regulation pending at the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation would have banks, and not taxpayers, pay for their own bailout. The moratorium could affect this provision, which sets up a schedule for banks to pay back a $70 billion loan they have already received from the government.

Other regulations that could be affected by the moratorium and accompanying review include: nursing-home reforms; nutrition labeling for meat and poultry products; infant formula testing; an F.D.A. review of the safety and effectiveness of over-the-counter drugs such as diaper rash ointment and cold remedies; farm workers' protection from exposure to dangerous pesticides; and standards to insure that automobile safety belts adequately secure children's seats.

The President's moratorium is ill advised and dangerous.

Requiring manufacturers to make sure that infant formula is safe hardly bogs down the economy. Like Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan before him, Bush is trying to paint himself as an outsider. But he is the one who hired the big-government bureaucrats he's now implicitly criticizing. If they really are suffocating the economy with regulation, how come it took Bush so long to notice?

Besides declaring war on his own Administration, the President is attempting to deprive the American people of something they not only want but expect—constructive government action in matters involving consumer protection, public health, worker safety and a clean environment. In a national poll conducted last November by Peter Hart Research Associates, Americans ranked "reduced government safety and environmental regulations" last among sixteen options as a way to help the economy.

For all that Americans shudder at the very mention of "red tape," they look to the government to protect them from unscrupulous and dangerous business practices. Just consider the kudos Bush's appointee to the F.D.A., David Kessler, has earned by cracking down on manufacturers who make false health claims on food packaging. Bush's own recent budget request to Congress has this to say about regulations: "[They] are designed to result in public benefits—increased health and safety, reduced pollution, and reduced market imperfections."

The Bush moratorium is not a fresh idea. Reagan announced a similar, sixty-day ban on regulation in 1981, marking the beginning of a decade of unprecedented deregulation. We are still reeling from the results today; the S&L debacle, for example, propelled us toward the recession we are now struggling to overcome. If history bears any lesson, it is that the President's moratorium is ill advised and dangerous. As the ninety days tick by, this misconceived plan will certainly begin to take its toll, possibly in human lives. □

EDITORIALS.

(*Continued From Page 365*)
this race." Growing voter disgust with business-as-usual may give her the edge on March 17. ANDREW PATNER

Andrew Patner, a Chicago writer, is the author of I.F. Stone: A Portrait *(Anchor Books).*

(*Continued From Front Cover*)
Americans under 35, 50 percent of whom defined themselves as working class in the 1983-88 period, compared with 42 percent among those over 35.

The majority of poor people belong to the working class, and their problems do not differ from those of the nonpoor sector of that class. One example is health insurance. Fifty-two percent of the working poor in this country do not have health insurance of any type. If they get sick, because they cannot afford health care they might die. Experts have estimated that 100,000 deaths occur annually because people cannot afford health care. Lack of health care causes three times more deaths than AIDS. In 1990, 56 percent of the population and 75 percent of the working class indicated that they have problems paying their medical bills. The overwhelming majority of Americans, poor and nonpoor, do not have comprehensive health coverage. They do not have coverage, for example, for long-term care, for which the average annual cost is $27,243.

The solution to the problems of the poor, working and nonworking, is not, as the "middle class versus the poor" theorists seem to believe, to design different solutions for the middle class. The solution is to create programs, such as a comprehensive national health program without co-payments and deductibles, that would benefit the entire working class, which has been hurt the most by Reagan/Bush Administration policies (supported, for the most part, by the Democrat-controlled Congress). These policies have facilitated a reduction by almost 50 percent in hourly health insurance benefits, from $1.63 per hour in 1980 to to 85 cents per hour in 1989. In addition, employer-financed contributions to family coverage fell from 51 percent in 1980 to 34 percent in 1988. Because of these policies, today 28 percent of Americans have at one point or another during a period of more than two years gone without health insurance. While the working poor are the sector of the population hurt most, the majority of the uninsured are nonpoor. The problems in this supposedly "kinder, gentler" America, however, are the same for both groups of our working population. But the middle-class discourse ignores this reality; instead, its aim is to divide rather than unite the working class—the actual majority of this country. By referring to a mythical middle-class majority as an entity separate from "the others," the divisive message is clear. The "others" are presented as minorities, and racism is called on to do the rest. Terms used in political discourse are indeed never innocent.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Iraq Around the Clock

STEPHEN HUBBELL

FORTY DAYS. *By Bob Simon. Putnam's. 297 pp. $22.95.*

LIVE FROM BAGHDAD: Gathering News at Ground Zero. *By Robert Wiener. Doubleday. 377 pp. $22.*

Recent American experience in the Middle East has been reduced to a series of captivity narratives. While the locale may vary—a Hezbollah checkpoint, say, or a desolate border crossing, a besieged embassy, a windowless closet, a bleak Shiite neighborhood, Baghdad, Beirut—the victim is almost always the same: He is a white American male, employed as a journalist or diplomat or academic. (This is a neat inversion of the Arabian Nights version of things, where seraglio and harem were the setting for *female* incarceration.) The supporting players, too, are by now a familiar bunch: kaffiyeh-clad militia fighter, secret-police thug, stoical relative in Middle America, anxious co-worker. The obligatory vocabulary has become so automatic that it has lost much of its power to shock: "abduction," "hostage," "*jihad*," "fundamentalist," "Kalashnikov." With luck, the story concludes with release from custody, a liberatory press conference, a flight to Wiesbaden for checkup and debriefing, a tearful reunion with loved ones—escape from Arab captivity.

A radio-news editor of mine in Washington told me one busy Friday a few years back not to phone in any stories over the weekend, "unless, of course, there's a hijacking—or a *jihad*." The conflation of conflict in the Arab world with the abduction of American citizens has rooted itself so deeply in our collective consciousness that no major news story from the region would be complete without a tale of captive Americans; likewise, no Middle East "expert" can presume to be taken seriously who cannot discourse fluently and soberly on "terrorism" and the threat it poses to American interests. Like the manufactured cause of MIAs in postwar Vietnam, the suffering of American innocents in the Islamic world provides a reassuring filter through which to view complicated events and unfamiliar beliefs and practices.

Stephen Hubbell, a Cairo-based reporter, writes frequently about the Middle East.

It should hardly require repeating that hostage taking is the recourse of the powerless, but in the American mind it is seen as omnipotence. The memory of a notorious abduction—Teheran 1979, Beirut 1985, Baghdad 1991—can be marshaled to keep hatred sharp, as governments are well aware, and to forge a national consensus built on collective outrage. We Americans may not be the only ones who need to personalize suffering in quite this way, but we are certainly better at it than anyone else. The only glimpses we get these days of places like Damascus come after hostage releases, burning into the American brain the indelible link between Arab and terrorist, and conveniently obliterating the need to acknowledge the not-infrequent victimization of some Arabs.

> *Never mind the mess made of the Iraqi 'infrastructure.' There has to be an American angle in all of this.*

Not surprisingly, the literature of American captivity has swelled in the year following the successful conclusion of the Gulf War. While common sense would tell us that the one-sidedness of the allied punishment of Iraq from January 16 to February 28, 1991, might evoke a sympathetic post-mortem from the victors—was all that ordnance necessary to force Saddam to withdraw? why were so many civilian targets hit?—no such remorse has been forthcoming (except from predictable quarters). Never mind the mess made of the Iraqi "infrastructure" or the plaintive howls emanating from Basra orphanages; there *has* to be an American angle in all of this. And so there is.

On January 20, 1991, when the Gulf War was four days old, Bob Simon, a veteran Middle East correspondent for CBS News, was growing restless. Like many of his comrades, sprawled uselessly around the lobbies of Dhahran's better hotels, Simon was frustrated by Pentagon press restrictions and irritated at not being able to observe the action, unescorted, from the front lines. No stranger to warfare himself, having covered Vietnam, Central America and Beirut for CBS, Simon knew almost instinctively that the "pool" system set up by CentCom (the U.S. Central Command) invited abuse by the military censors, who would attempt to "manage" news reporting just as they had done almost a decade earlier during the American invasion of Grenada. "We weren't combing the desert for scoops, revelations or prizes," Simon writes of his renegade sojourn to the Kuwaiti border. "We just wanted to break away from the pack because it was becoming clear that the Pentagon was not planning to lead the pack anywhere anything was happening."

On the morning of the 20th, Simon and a cameraman, a soundman and a producer set out to see for themselves how the war was progressing. Their destination was the Saudi-Kuwaiti border post at Al Ruqi, 220 miles northeast of Dhahran, where they hoped to observe allied preparations for the coming ground invasion of Kuwait. In the back of Simon's mind was the possibility of filming a "stand-up" just over the Kuwaiti border; a Kuwait dateline would play well at the desk in New York. That night they camped in Hafr el Baten, an evacuated Saudi coastal town, before proceeding the following morning to the border.

The group was picked up by an Iraqi patrol in the early afternoon of the 21st, at a spot Simon believed lay six miles from the Iraqi front lines—and a safe distance from trouble—after they had briefly abandoned their Land Rover to shoot a segment using the Iraqi frontier as a backdrop.

During the days of captivity that follow, the men undergo a harrowing initiation into the fraternity of Iraqi political prisoners, which must number among the most benighted populations on earth. Simon clings tenaciously to layers of accumulated journalistic privilege and resists the transformation being forced upon him. At his first interrogation, he is eager to please his captors: "The idea excited me somehow. I'd always done well at tests. I liked answering questions. It was what I did best." Later, he says, "We were all aware that these were just the

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opening scenes, and we were anxious not to fluff our lines."

After his notebook—a journalist's most prized possession—is seized by a soldier, Simon remonstrates with the officers interrogating him. "These were officers and gentlemen," he writes. "What's more, they were Arabs and I was in their tent, their prisoner, perhaps, but their guest as well. There were codes to be observed. Petty thievery would not be tolerated." As anyone familiar with Iraq's human rights profile can well imagine, Simon was quickly disabused of his naïve notions of battlefield chivalry. In short order he and his crew are handed over to the loathed security police and eventually confined in Baghdad at a notorious political prison run by the Iraqi Interior Ministry. In the ensuing weeks, Simon is tormented by his fear of the allied bombs exploding outside, his dread of imminent torture and his terror at being separated from his companions. He is frequently beaten, accused of being a spy for the Americans and the Israelis (Simon is Jewish, although his interrogators never find out) and hustled into and out of internment facilities as the Iraqis try to figure out what to do with him next.

The usual agents of salvation—the U.S. Embassy, Simon's contacts at the Information Ministry, his press credentials, his employers in New York, the Egyptians, the Syrians, the Israelis—prove less than useless, as the fragile network of authority that might have protected a working journalist is shattered by the ferocity of Bush's onslaught against the Iraqis. Simon's moment of truth is almost painfully banal: "I knew now that this was not television. We would not be rushing back to some Sheraton with our story. We were hostages." Later, at a military prison camp near Basra, he completes "the transition from credit-card carrying correspondent to itinerant beggar" when he wordlessly accepts a boiled potato from an ill-fed Iraqi grunt who takes pity on him.

Simon's imprisonment is also the occasion for some anguished professional soul-searching. "My notebook, my jacket, my pen had been taken away from me. I had lost my distance, my observer status. I had become the story; not in the sense of 'TV Correspondent Held Hostage,' but in a far more basic, dangerous way. I wasn't a story teller anymore. I was a character, a participant, like any soldier or refugee. I was involved in the war, entrapped by it. . . . They wouldn't let me be a voyeur any more." What's worse,

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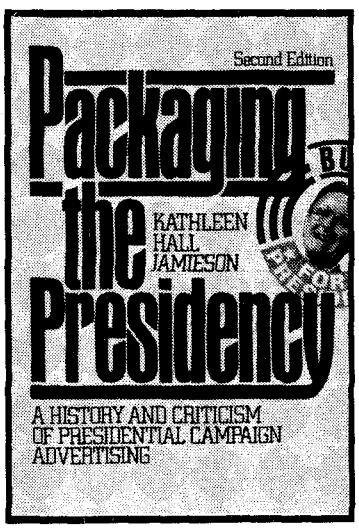
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Simon was missing the most important story in years, the "big one."

Simon treats his ordeal and eventual release with admirable candor and much self-deprecating wit. Remarkably, he avoids lumping all Iraqis together as a uniformly brutal race and even ventures at one point—admittedly before he was subjected to the worst the Iraqi prison system had to offer—that "[we] found ourselves reflecting how much more we liked these people than the Saudis. There was a natural softness and kindness here. Compared to them the Saudis seemed cold and arrogant. These Iraqis had so much less and smiled so much more." (This will be written off in some parts as the dreaded "Stockholm syndrome," so be warned.) Likewise, he acknowledges the kindnesses extended to him by ordinary soldiers and fellow prisoners, so we're allowed to emerge with a positive impression of several Arabs as people rather than as flunkies or fixers.

Simon's disappearance, like that of Terry Anderson of the Associated Press in Beirut five years earlier, sent a chill through Western journalistic circles in the Middle East, where he was widely known and well liked. And his release, on February 21, was met with boisterous celebration and tremendous relief, all of it, I'm sure, deserved. But it shouldn't detract from our appreciation of Simon's ordeal or his courage under duress to lament that his "heroism" (is simply being a victim "heroic"?) was matched and exceeded by the suffering of countless millions of Iraqis, with whom George Bush claimed to have no quarrel. There is a gross disproportion here. I only wish Simon had left us with a bitter taste in our mouths—at the cruelty visited upon him as well as at the destruction of innocents by American bombers—rather than with sweet victory alone.

It is April 1991. A bluff, genial Norman Schwarzkopf is chatting with a small contingent of reporters at the Egyptian Defense Ministry in Cairo a few hours before his triumphal return to Florida, where delirious throngs will hail him as a latter-day Ike. The general has just been asked whether he harbors any regrets about the conduct of the freshly won Gulf War, which is rapidly giving way to a spectacularly bloody Iraqi counter-insurgency against Kurdish and Shiite rebels. The man measures his words carefully as he spreads his porterhouse hands onto the conference table before him. "There is one target in Baghdad—I won't tell you which one—but there is one target that I would very much like to have taken out," he says.

At which point a young producer for Cable News Network, who has been giving Schwarzkopf her rapt attention for the past half-hour, leans over to me, ashen-faced, and whispers, "Do you think he means the CNN transmitter?"

But CNN's was an odd sort of heroism, made possible only by the relative cowardice of others.

Journalists can be forgiven for indulging the fantasy that historic events confer greatness on the men and women who cover them. The legacies of Edward R. Murrow and Lowell Thomas provide a rich treasury of conceit for all who pursue the same noble profession. It may also be inevitable that some correspondents come to view wars, assassinations and earthquakes as milestones along the path to professional advancement, rather than as tragedies. Reporters in Cairo, where I work and live, frequently lament the absence of social unrest in the Egyptian capital: "When are we gonna get those riots you promised us?" one Mideast hack might shout to another over a bottle of Stella beer.

The Gulf War did for CNN what it did for George Bush—it provided a garden of laurels to be rested upon later, as times grew tough. The present volume, *Live From Baghdad*, an account of CNN's greatest scoop ever, provides an exhaustingly detailed description of the mechanics, as well as the all-important "personal" side, behind its coverage of the Gulf War, shot from the Al-Rashid Hotel, Baghdad. In the process, the author, CNN producer Robert Wiener, unintentionally confirms readers' most unflattering stereotypes of foreign correspondents: that they don't speak the local language, are ignorant and boorish, drink too much and are obsessed with surface detail. Wiener clues us in right off the bat, recounting a piece of advice given him years earlier by a mentor in the business who admonished that "all stories are essentially the same. Only the people are different. If you concentrate on the people the story will tell itself." Journalism, they are fond of saying at the Al-Rashid, ain't brain surgery.

This book reads like the memoirs of a Type-A office manager: You are there as supplies are ordered! telephones are connected! a tasty dinner is served! But there are scary moments too: When an Iraqi bureaucrat says there will be a slight delay in securing permission to ship the all-important portable broadcasting station to Baghdad, Wiener goes ballistic: "His answer struck me as if a cattle prod had been put to my gonads. 'A few *days*?' I asked incredulously."

In case it's not perfectly clear how courageous a decision it was to be the only—well, maybe not the *only*—Western correspondents left in Baghdad while the bombs were falling, Wiener tells us they were "sitting on Ground Zero in what would surely be the biggest shit storm in the history of aerial bombardment." And, to a colleague at the Al-Rashid Hotel, "I tell ya seriously, I feel like my fuckin' brains are gonna burst out of my skull. We've been through some tough ones together, Ed, but this one's a bitch. My only consolation is knowing that if I buy the ranch, it's gonna drive the accounting department crazy for years." And this before any actual bombs have fallen. Plus: "If we could pull it off, I mused at the time, it would be the journalistic equivalent of walking on the moon. . . . I could easily imagine ole Edward R. licking his lips at the prospect."

For obvious reasons, battlefields are great places to beef up journalistic credentials, if only because they make possible flattering military analogies. CNN Baghdad loved speaking in code: Saddam was "Eric." Each member of the crew had a nom de guerre: one was the "Dick of Death," another "Axel Bigrod," a third "Stumpy McGruff." (Significantly, Wiener is one of the few not honored with a phallic nickname.) CNN's codedependency was just a small part of its broader effort to emphasize how heroic its mission to Baghdad was. But this was an odd sort of heroism, made possible only by the relative cowardice of others. CNN's mere presence in Baghdad was its only measurable act of courage. The war was, after all, a story that many correspondents in the region were *pleading* to cover, but, for reasons having mostly to do with liability and the exorbitant cost of keeping a crew in Baghdad for the duration, the networks and major papers begged off.

By far the most revealing thing about

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this book, though, is the absence of Iraqis in Wiener's Baghdad. The author fancies himself rather an expert on *le monde arabe*, yet he speaks not a word of Arabic (which he refers to as "worm"). His only sources, apart from a few senior government officials, are U.S. Embassy personnel; and neither he nor his crew ever seem to dine outside the hotel restaurant, much less spend a night, say, in one of the overcrowded municipal air-raid shelters. Why bother getting down with the unwashed of Baghdad, Wiener figures, when the whole story will come to you.

But there's more. Baghdad is a "shithole," and every bureaucratic snafu is another instance of the "Iraqi Mind Fuck." A TV clip showing Saddam in Mecca is "a zany toga party in which the Prez and his inner circle, clad in what looked like bedsheets, did the two-step around the holy *Kaaba.*" A Cairene woman employed by the company as a translator is called "Princess Lumpy" and "the Egyptian slut-meister." Wiener and the gang also get a kick out of making bawdy jokes in English and reveling in the incomprehension on the faces of their Iraqi minders. The night the bombing started, which for the Iraqis was the beginning of a nightmare that continues to this day, was for Wiener "one of the best nights I have ever spent anywhere, a unique occasion to be savored forever." Covering wars can be a great contact high, but most reporters at least feel a little queasy about it. Not "Captain Wacky" Wiener and his merry band, who shed a solitary crocodile tear for the masses incinerating down the block. "The fact is it's all so fucked," Wiener allows in a moment of weakness. "Neither side can see the other's point of view."

All right, you say, so what if CNN is an intellectual dwarf—it's the only network with a single, hyperactive, "World Affairs Correspondent," for instance—they did get the story, and besides, maybe Wiener is writing from the noblest tradition of gonzo journalism; perhaps all the scatological and misogynous invective conceals purely anthropological intent. Not a chance. For one thing, Wiener writes without a trace of irony: The prevailing motif is summer camp, complete with birthday parties, practical jokes, a stray cat named Bosh and lots and lots of hugs. These are innocents abroad—guileless and witless—but with a Gold Card, living out a postimperial fantasy where flunkies can be ordered around and the most truculent bureaucrat can be bought with "a portrait of Andrew Jackson."

I'll bet CNN Baghdad looks back on those days at the Al-Rashid with the same wistful nostalgia that the campaign staff of a failed presidential candidate recalls "New Hampshire." We kicked a little ass, nobody got hurt, and thank God we don't have to go back *there* again. □

Holy Secrets

PAUL ALEXANDER

In 1985, when I first thought about writing *Rough Magic*, my biography of Sylvia Plath, I made a list of people I wanted to interview. There were obvious choices—old sweethearts, childhood friends, family members, her husband, Ted Hughes, who had never before talked to a biographer (and still hasn't). At the top of my list I put a name—Ruth Barnhouse—that for many years was unknown even to Plath's most devoted fans. Barnhouse had been the psychiatrist who treated Plath at McLean Hospital near Boston in the fall of 1953 after Plath, then 20 years old, tried to kill herself by taking an overdose of sleeping pills and hiding in the crawl space under the front porch of her family home in Wellesley, Massachusetts. Following this treatment, Barnhouse remained Plath's doctor and friend for the next ten years. As she wrote her novel *The Bell Jar* near the end of her life, Plath used Barnhouse as the inspiration for Dr. Nolan, the sympathetic psychiatrist who helps Esther Greenwood, the book's protagonist, overcome her suicidal depression. In the years after Plath's own death—she gassed herself in the kitchen of her London flat on February 11, 1963—*The Bell Jar* became a cult classic so loved by readers that its popularity even endured a dreadful 1979 film version in which Anne Jackson played Nolan.

For years, Plath's estate and Barnhouse went out of their way to keep Barnhouse's identity a secret. Finally, with the release in 1982 of *The Journals of Sylvia Plath*, Barnhouse's role in Plath's life was disclosed. Because she was not only Plath's doctor but her friend, I thought that Barnhouse's view of Plath would be unique, so I wrote and asked her for an interview even though I knew she had never before spoken at length with a biographer. She answered right away. Yes, she'd be happy to see me. I flew to Dallas, where she was teaching at Southern Methodist University, and on that first day as I sat in her office I was stunned when she appeared wearing a floor-length black clerical robe, a white priest's collar and a gold cross on a chain around her neck. She also held a Bible. She must have noticed I was surprised, for once she sat down she pointed out that she taught theology, not psychiatry, since she was not only a medical doctor but also an ordained Episcopal priest. Here, I thought, is a journalist's dream—a reliable witness with something to tell.

As it turned out, she was much more than that. As I'd expected, she was a singular figure in Plath's life. From mid-September 1953 until January 1954, Barnhouse told me, she saw Plath at McLean for daily one-on-one therapy sessions. In December, since Plath showed no signs of getting well enough to leave McLean, Barnhouse gave her a series of sessions of electroshock therapy, which appeared finally to lift Plath's depression. Years later, when Plath lived in Boston with Hughes during the academic year 1958-59, Barnhouse again saw her weekly for therapy. From September 1953 until February 1963 Barnhouse and Plath stayed in more or less constant contact either by mail or by telephone. During those years Plath wrote Barnhouse long, revealing letters.

In our interviews Barnhouse recalled much about her patient: how often she saw Plath; what they talked about in their 1953 sessions; the way she responded to shock treatment; and how in their 1958-59 sessions Plath disclosed her feelings about her husband, her mother and her father, who died under unusual circumstances when she was 8 years old. This information proved vital to me as I filled in the narrative of Plath's life and the specifics of her psychoanalytic history. It was, however, beneficial in another way as well. More than any other person I interviewed, Barnhouse helped me to understand the way Plath's complex—often perverse—personality worked.

On the first day in her office in Dallas, I started what became a five-year dialogue between the two of us with a question that seemed all too relevant to me. In talking to me, was Barnhouse not violating her profession's code of ethics? Her answer was unequivocal. No, she was

Paul Alexander is a writer living in New York.

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not. Dead for over two decades, Plath was a historical figure. It was more important for Barnhouse to help me than not, provided that my book would be the serious biography I promised. At the time I had no idea of the significance of my question and Barnhouse's answer. Then again, I could not have predicted that my book would appear, as it did last October, in the middle of the controversy stirred up by Diane Wood Middlebrook's *Anne Sexton* [see Grace Schulman, "True Confessions," September 23, 1991]. Even before that book reached the stores, a debate erupted—thanks in large part to a front-page article in *The New York Times*—over the decision made by Dr. Martin Orne, Sexton's psychiatrist, to give Middlebrook some 300 audiotape recordings of his sessions with Sexton. Quickly, two camps formed—one defended Orne, one attacked him—and the debate raged on through the fall.

In November, for example, two prominent psychiatrists squared off over Orne in *The New England Journal of Medicine*. Alan Stone stated that Orne had "proceeded in an inappropriate manner [since he] had no written consent from Anne Sexton" and that he, Stone, had he been Sexton's doctor, "would have urged her to allow me to destroy the tapes." Nevertheless, Stone ended up defending Orne's actions because Sexton was a confessional poet, because Sexton had given Orne verbal permission to dispose of the tapes as he saw fit and because Linda Sexton, Anne's daughter and executor, wanted Middlebrook to have the tapes. To Carola Eisenberg, on the other hand, Orne broke the Hippocratic oath, which demands that doctors "never divulge" information about patients but instead "[hold] . . . such things to be holy secrets." In breaking the oath Orne caused all patients everywhere to fear that doctors may reveal private matters. Orne's violation of the oath, said Eisenberg, damaged the entire medical profession.

Most doctors seem to agree. "In my own practice, I would find it difficult to turn over tapes if I had taped a patient," Thomas Kalman, a Manhattan psychiatrist, told me recently, "without the written permission of the patient." Talking with his colleagues, Kalman has found that the vast majority of doctors are opposed to psychiatrists revealing private information about patients, unless of course the patient wants the information revealed and signs papers to that effect.

Plath and Sexton knew each other—both onetime Wellesley residents, they took Robert Lowell's creative writing class together in the late 1950s at Boston University—although they were never as close as many people think. Sexton attempted in the years after Plath's death to play up their friendship until she too killed herself, in Weston, Massachusetts, on October 4, 1974. So I expected my book and Middlebrook's to be compared. I didn't expect both books to become entangled in the same controversy.

On my fall book tour I was often asked to elaborate on this issue. In Seattle, a woman accused me of invading Plath's privacy and that of her surviving family. In Houston, a man said I was as guilty as Barnhouse and that we had both made a travesty of the Hippocratic oath—as if I were supposed to live by a code unrelated to my profession. Only here and there did I find defenders. In Toronto, a woman stated adamantly that she felt Orne had been "brave" to turn over the tapes to Middlebrook. Are doctors who cooperate with journalists "brave" or should they be censured? I had just published a book about one of the most important American poets of the twentieth century, yet this was the question I was asked time and again as I went from city to city.

In *Rough Magic* I included material from another source that caused alarm. In my research I discovered a cache of forty original letters written by or to Olive Higgins Prouty, the popular novelist who funded Plath's scholarship to Smith College and who paid for her hospitalization at McLean. Most of the letters pertained to Plath's McLean stay and were written either by Prouty or by one of the team of doctors who worked with Barnhouse. Often using medical language, Prouty and the doctors discuss Plath's treatment in detail. I quote extensively from the letters, including one in particular in which Prouty traces the cause of Plath's 1953 breakdown. According to Prouty, the breakdown and suicide attempt were the direct result of poor electroshock therapy given to her earlier in the summer by a Boston doctor not associated with McLean. This was the first time anyone familiar with Plath's life had gone on record as to why she tried to kill herself that summer. Should I have withheld this sensitive material because it grew out of correspondences with her doctors? If I had, I wouldn't have been doing my job. After all, that's what a journalist does. He or she gathers information and reports it to the public.

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Granted, that ethical question pales compared with the issue of confidentiality in psychiatry. Ultimately, as more doctors cooperate with journalists, I believe the propriety of a doctor's actions will have to be evaluated on a case-by-case basis. On an issue as complicated as this one, general statements, even the Hippocratic oath, won't work. In Sexton's case, for instance, it made sense for Orne to do what he did. It's one thing for a journalist to receive information from T.S. Eliot's doctor; it's something else entirely for her to receive the same information from Sexton's. Whereas Eliot worked hard to keep his private life private, Sexton found joy in revealing her life to her audience through her writings and public readings. Second, since heirs often control access to a dead writer's letters, journals and creative work, why should medical material be considered separate? In the nineteenth century, before psychiatry, people confided their most personal thoughts in letters, the destiny of which was usually determined by relatives, not doctors.

Finally, Anne Sexton seems actually to have turned over the disposition of the tapes to Orne and her daughter Linda. Orne says Sexton told him to use the tapes in any way that might benefit other patients, although she never put this request in writing. In a letter to *The New York Times*, Sexton's son-in-law wrote that she told Linda to use her own judgment in dealing with the tapes. We have no way of knowing if this is true because Sexton made no specific provision for the tapes in her will. Indeed, one could speculate that Linda Sexton, who is rumored to share in the profits of the Middlebrook biography, could have invented the story as a way of justifying the use of material that made the book infinitely more controversial—and more commercial. But regardless, why should Linda Sexton be able to determine the fate of everything having to do with her mother's estate except for documents related to her medical treatment? It seems to me that Linda Sexton was the proper party to establish what should be done with her mother's psychiatric tapes. In the end, the thoughts on the tapes belong to Anne Sexton, not Martin Orne.

Not long ago Barnhouse was in New York and I asked her why she made herself available to me in a way she hadn't with any other journalist. "While it's true I have an obligation not to violate certain kinds of confidentiality," she replied, "I also have an obligation not to have untruths circulated. I can't allow character assassination if I know that something is not the case." Were there specific factors that affected her decision? "Yes. Plath's journals had already been published. Of course, it made a difference that her own autobiographical material was in print.

"Sylvia gave me this tremendous role," Barnhouse continued. "It was a role of protecting her, of seeing that other people didn't dump on her. I feel that by talking appropriately to appropriate people I'm continuing the role she assigned me." Would Plath herself have minded that Barnhouse talked to me? "Of course not. She kept getting me to talk to people about her all the time. If she wanted a Fulbright or whatever, she had me write a letter for her. I *know* she wouldn't have minded, and I should know." □

Colonial Fiction

ZIA JAFFREY

CAMBRIDGE. *By Caryl Phillips. Knopf. 184 pp. $19.*

When one reads the travel writing of the English men and women who voyaged by sea to the colonial worlds of Africa, India and the Caribbean, one is struck by the perception that people were naturally assumed unequal. The problem lies with the word "natural"; even more disturbing than the bias of these journals is that it came clothed in the language of science. Descriptions of, say, how many seeds were required to yield a certain number of mangoes calmly reside with an equally quantified view of the human subject—one that was bizarrely indifferent to life. Ultimately this cool use of reason was a misuse; it was the rationalism of denial; Christianity as it coincided with mission and racism was a true madness, a self-willed blindness to justify economic convenience. But as we look at our own era of attitudes toward Arabs and the Japanese, it is perhaps not too difficult to understand the moral confusion and self-deception of Mrs. Colin MacKenzie, who, a century and a half ago, in her *Life in the Mission, the Zenana, and the Camps*, marveled at the excellent memories of Bengali schoolchildren, yet was annoyed when a Hindu lady chose to entertain her in European clothes rather than in her own "costume." If we can see into that otherwise "liberal" and somehow exuberant heart of Mrs. MacKenzie, it was one thing to discover that the natives were bright but quite another if they seemed to be just like her—and not "the other." And India, finally, was not Africa. Mrs. MacKenzie went on to compare those bright Bengali children with what she deemed the dull black children of Africa.

Zia Jaffrey is at work on a book about India for Pantheon.

When any twentieth-century novelist sets himself the task of re-creating a colonial traveler's view one has to ask the question, Why? After all, the originals can always be found in libraries, though they are rarely to be found on college reading lists. Perhaps it is because the assumptions that were made more than a century ago have not, in our own time, been adequately challenged. Perhaps it is because, in fictionally re-experiencing that unsettling journey, the author reclaims it as his own. And if he is black or Indian, he is no longer the object of the narrative but its subject. In the retelling, he reconfigures a map of the world, notable, as the great novelist Chinua Achebe once wrote, for its denial and omissions. This is what the 34-year-old English-Caribbean writer Caryl Phillips has done in *Cambridge*, a novel that in its faithfulness to the colonial mind of an English woman traveling to the Caribbean is an almost subversive work of literature. Its power lies in its anachronism.

It is that particular combination of an observant and rational, yet prejudiced, eye that Phillips so eloquently captures in *Cambridge*, named for a slave whose presence is minor throughout most of the book. He is, in fact, a mere presence in the first section, which belongs to Emily: In it she observes a "black hercules of a man" being beaten by the plantation manager; later he is called to guard Emily's door when a slave woman practices voodoo outside her window; he then becomes the subject of debate when he refuses the elite position of head driver, and is finally accused of stealing meat, an action that somehow culminates in his murdering the plantation manager and being hanged. These bare facts of the plot are unemotional; so skillful is Phillips's narrative that the reader does not suspect that there is much more to them. Though we are clearly aware of Emily's racism—"They talk long, loud and rapidly, but seldom deliver anything of import. Every

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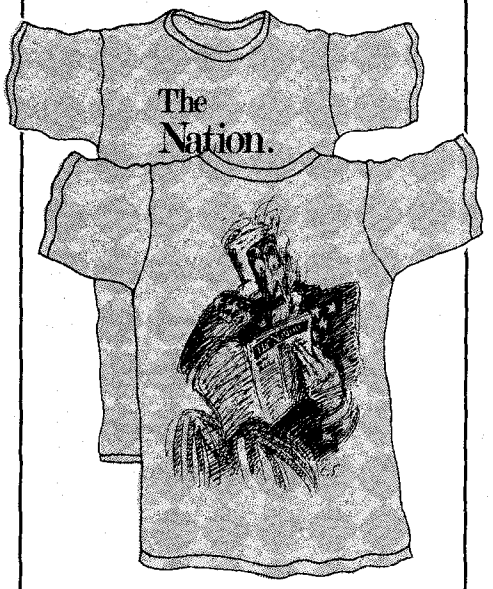

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passion known to man acts upon the negroes with the strangest intensity"—her own dilemmas sustain our interest; and though we scrutinize her like an exotic object, much the way she scrutinizes the "negroes," her prose style—a curious blend of anthropology, romance and philosophy—carries us unwittingly along:

> These West Indian fields were all neatly dressed as though preparing for turnip husbandry as practised in England. At every turn a pretty prospect attracted the eye, and these visions were made more cheerful by batches of negroes of every age and description returning from Baytown with baskets and trays and boxes atop their black mossy crowns. . . . They smiled and curtseyed as we passed them by. Some chose to bestow upon us a respectful, "How you do, misses? How you do, massa?" to which we nodded a silent reply, by which they were meant to understand that we were perfectly well, thank you.

Emily, the English woman who has come to this small island in the Caribbean to take care of her father's plantation, is fast absorbed in the contracting world of a *memsahib*. There is so much she has to do: write to her father about the abuses of absentee landlordism; make sure that in her house, no "haughty black wench" is allowed to sit at the same dinner table; get to the bottom of this matter of Mr. Wilson, the former plantation manager, who seems to have disappeared after a scandal. And who would blame her for courting even the new manager, the slave beater Mr. Brown, fleeing as she is from an arranged marriage to an old widower in England? And yet, her prose is pervaded by the constant fear of the slave population, whose ghostly presence fills her with an intangible sense of doom. It is a plausible world that denies both sexuality and dreams, in the old high way of the nineteenth century—a myth that is later shattered by the truth of her predicament, and of Cambridge's.

To quote extensively from the book would be to mislead; its beauty resides precisely in its methodical, even clinical, prose, a slow-powered engine that results in catharsis. This is achieved through the unexpected voice of Cambridge—indeed, it comes as a complete shock. One senses the writer's craft here, in the motion and emotion of surprise. Cambridge's life is like a footnote that undermines all that we have read; nearly every "fact" that we had taken for granted in Emily's narrative is now turned upside down by his words. Only upon hearing Cambridge do we realize that we have been lulled into believing Emily's account, and in this brilliant structure, Phillips makes us re-experience the profound denial of the colonial view and covertly participate in its racism. Cambridge's voice thus acts upon the reader like a conscience.

The shattering of the myth also takes place in a different language: If Emily's voice is ponderous and morally disguised from itself, Cambridge's is clear and direct; it is also the language of a convert—an Uncle Tom of sorts—a paradox that Cambridge sets out to explain in the dismal sphere of Christianity and colonialism that shapes his brief and harrowing life. He writes at a time when slavery has already been abolished but Africans are still being illegally smuggled to England and the Caribbean—something one had barely gleaned in Emily's narrative. That he has a voice at all is also shocking, not only because he has been mute till now—and speaks to us, in a sense, from the grave—but because most slaves at the time could not read and write English. This, the very tool of Cambridge's advancement, has also proved to be his demise. I do not wish to tell the reader any more of Cambridge's tale, because that would be to ruin the full effect of the novel, and deny the pleasure—and in this case, pain—of a well-crafted story. The novel's emotional force is heightened because the writer deftly places the reader in a situation of credible moral ambiguity, in which no one's humanity is denied.

It is also striking that Phillips chose to give most of his narrative to an English woman. Perhaps he felt that Emily, like Cambridge, was not in control of her destiny, and therefore could be judged more sympathetically in spite of her racism. And to some degree, there is an allegorical tension here, between our minds, which belong to Emily, and our hearts, which belong to Cambridge. But while Phillips's most extraordinary characters have tended to be women, whom he endows with a special quality of truth—beautiful and haunting is the voice of Irene in *Higher Ground*, mournful is Leila in *The Final Passage*—Emily is merely an average woman, ordinary for her time and class. Though the writer may have admired her—she struggles with the issue of race, and has somewhat defiantly avoided an arranged marriage by traveling to the Caribbean—one senses that he couldn't really bring himself to like her.

Still, Phillips gives even Emily a chance for self-redemption in the last section of

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the novel, in which we learn that she has been abandoned by her lover, Mr. Brown, the plantation manager whom she had suddenly taken to calling Arnold upon their newfound intimacy. She has also given birth to a dead child, symbolic perhaps of the inevitable failure of her public, and private, colonial missions. The tragic change in Emily's circumstances is mirrored by the change in her language—which now suffers less from its own fierce denial and is suffused with emotional honesty. It is as though she has, as we have, been awakened from a dream, and this is reflected in a more contemporary diction. These final passages bear testimony to the writer's sense of invention: They are like intrusions from the twentieth century where the nineteenth was silent. They are also, in literary terms, Phillips's solution to the same problem Charles Johnson grappled with in *The Middle Passage*, in which he mixed genres to create a form of existence in the past with preternaturally modern thought.

In all of Phillips's work—*Higher Ground*, *The Final Passage*, *The European Tribe*, *A State of Independence*—there is the theme of travel. He seems to be crossing the world, in the eyes of a white colonialist, a black nationalist, an African slave, a Jewish immigrant, himself, asking the important question (What happened?), moving in the footsteps of the elders—Achebe, Baldwin, Wright—making the reader want to go back and look again at the primary accounts of slaves, the travelogues of colonialists, the words of witnesses to the holocaust—to include, in a true map of the world, its forced migrations and genocides. This search is both a personal and historical one; Phillips is keeping a record, making one where none exists, and over and over again, raising the question of identity—now, then, and in the future—a question of location and displacement. The spectral triangle is Europe, Africa, America.

Cambridge's journey—and the accident of fate that brought him to the Caribbean—raises many questions. They are disturbing, and nag at the reader long after the book is closed. It seems incredible—all that Cambridge has been and seen—though Phillips is far too good a writer for the doubt to remain. But for every dilemma Cambridge poses by the fact and intensity of his existence, the writer includes us in the discussion, and by choosing both a white woman's view and a black slave's, Phillips has made his bias clear: a human one. A feeling for fairness guides his prose, and the result is a beautiful book that becomes a meditation on history. It is fiction that informs and inspires.

The fact of slavery and its great wound to the imagination of a people must be discussed. It must be written, rewritten and understood—and thereby owned. It is this question of ownership that motivates Phillips: Whose history? It is ours. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

The Baltimore Waltz
A Woman Without a Name
Mary Stuart
The Most Happy Fella

Sufferings inflicted by Fate, or by Jehovah, don't make for good theater. "Why me?" Job wants to know, and the only answer he can get is "Consider the chief of the beasts, the crocodile." At least Prometheus got a straight answer, though his story, too, poses problems for the dramatist. The contest is too unequal. Human heroes are best matched against human villains.

And that has been the problem with plays about AIDS, or plays about fatal diseases in general. If it *is* a fatal disease, it will have the last word, barring the preemptive strategy of Brian Clark's *Whose Life Is It, Anyway?* Accordingly, plays about AIDS have tended to look for someone human to blame: In *Beirut* it was the Authorities, who turned the Lower East Side into a lazaret; in *The Normal Heart* it was the Medical Establishment and others complicit in minimizing the dangers of the plague and thereby assisting its wider dissemination. For reasons of both compassion and prudence, there has not yet been a play after the manner of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, in which the plague's proximate cause, the plague bearer, figures as the heavy; but in another respect Ibsen's dramatic strategy has been widely adapted, particularly when TV has ventured treatment of AIDS. Time and again, the TV characters with AIDS are portrayed not as members of those groups most devastated by the illness—gays and needle-sharers—but as women and children who acquired AIDS, as Mrs. Alving and her son got syphilis, by no action of their own.

In the theater, however, the principal characters with AIDS have been gay, usually in plays taking the form of case histories or dramas about those who are left to mourn. In any case, the disease or the death is the focus of the action, not (as in *The Lady of the Camellias*) merely incidental to a more "complex" story. In *The Baltimore Waltz*, at Circle Rep, playwright Paula Vogel has found a way to have it both ways. Her character Carl, a gay white male who sports an activist's pink triangle, has AIDS, as does his sister, Anna, a heterosexual female schoolteacher who caught the disease (in a fantastical variant form) by using the same toilet as one of her first-grade pupils. The schoolteacher accompanies her brother on a tour of Europe and comes to terms with the disease as she has a rollicking sex holiday with representative French, Dutch and German pickups (all played with zest and drollery by Joe Mantello). Her brother, in the course of this trip, relates erotically only to his stuffed toy rabbit and to other men with the same improbable fetish. The odyssey ends with a visit to a Dr. Strangelove clone whose crank cure for ATD (Acquired Toilet Disease) is drinking one's own urine. In the denouement Carl is discovered dead, and we realize that all of Anna's travails have been a fantasy inspired by the spectacle of his dying in a Baltimore hospital: partly death envy, partly a sacrificial daydream.

This is a concept from which Vogel and her director, Anne Bogart, get a lot of mileage, though some stretches of the trip have the *longueurs* of a long-distance train ride. Vogel's talent for comedy is hit-or-miss, with a 50 percent ratio of success by my estimate. That would be great for a baseball player but not a stand-up comic, the position in which Cherry Jones, as Anna, too often finds herself, trying to milk a smile out of jokes about toilet seats or the strange sounds of foreign languages. There is a long *hommage* to the film *The Third Man* that tries to be both cute and sinister, yet is neither.

More problematic—as well as the play's particular virtue, I'm sure, for its most ardent admirers—are the meanings to be unraveled from its cagily elusive subtext. Anna's and Carl's search for a miracle cure leads them first to Harry Lime, the purveyor of tainted and ineffective medicine in *The Third Man*, and then to a mad scientist modeled on Peter Sellers's twitchy Dr. Strangelove, who is then elided into the ordinary real-world doctor who announces Carl's death. I can't help but think that these figures reflect the tendency common to many

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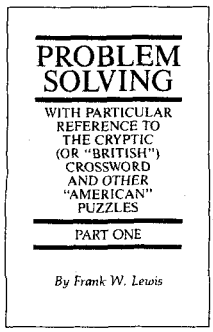
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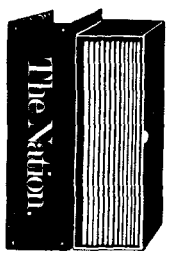

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AIDS activists to blame medical science for offering no better alleviation for the disease than AZT, which many of them, indeed, regard as wicked. There have been, of course, a variety of frauds perpetrated on AIDS victims, and these may be Vogel's intended satiric target; but as staged, her play evinces an equal horror for AIDS and for medicine *tout court*. This is an understandable feeling in one who has witnessed a brother's prolonged hospitalization and eventual death. I only wish it were more ably expressed, since, for the unconverted, these passages are the least compelling in the play.

Vogel succeeds best in the successive vignettes of Anna's sexual adventuring across Europe. Here the author's ambivalences are more resonant. On the surface these encounters range from pleasantly bawdy (a lesson with a bellhop on the French words for parts of the body) to silly (a Dutch boy in wooden shoes who tells a long shaggy-dog story about having his finger in a dike) to satiric (a marvelously boorish German pop anarchist). Below the surface, these encounters represent a feminist fantasy of the varieties of gay promiscuity; below that (and rather uneasy-making) there is the suggestion, never overt, that the discovery of being HIV-positive promotes a last-fling, seize-the-day mentality. The author's hypothetical ATD is not sexually transmitted, so Anna's adventures are "innocent," per the TV paradigm, but translate her story back to the real world and her plot becomes quite unsettling. In sum, while I don't think *The Baltimore Waltz* is an unqualified success, it bears pondering.

The Signature Theater Company, which is housed in the Kampo Cultural Center, a little temple of gentrification on Bond Street just off the Bowery, has the declared object of devoting a full season each year to the work of a single playwright in residence. In its first such season they are presenting plays by Romulus Linney, a writer with an *oeuvre* so large, so lively and so little known that I wish the Signature Company would appoint Linney as its resident playwright in perpetuity. Charles Ludlam, David Mamet and Israel Horowitz have all had the advantage of their own little Bayreuth to flourish in, and Linney's talent is no less prolific, wide-ranging and dependable.

Large as his gifts are, Linney deploys them with a providence that sometimes borders on parsimony, and the Signature's latest offering, *A Woman Without a Name*, is a case in point, having been based on his 1965 novel, *Slowly, by Thy Hand Unfurled*. The novel is cast in the form of a journal being kept by the nameless Woman of the title, a representative small-town housewife of the year 1901. The adaptation has preserved the novel's uncongenial and choppy journal-entry form, and in this production, directed by Thomas Allan Bullard, it has more the character of a concert version of the novel than of a fully realized drama. The Woman sits center stage and recites successive days' entries, while a supporting cast of eight sits in a semicircle behind her, entering and exiting the action of the play by standing up and sitting down. The only concession to mimetic illusion is the use of period costumes instead of leotards or evening clothes.

Conspicuous frugality can yield its own imaginative rewards, but only when it is intrinsic to the occasion. In the novel version of *A Woman Without a Name*, keeping a diary leads the heroine to a degree of self-knowledge that allows her to transcend her stultifying circumstances; the diary becomes a part of the drama it relates. In Linney's stage adaptation, the diary format offers no such dividends and constantly intrudes on the action. To remind us of her diary the heroine is always remarking on her errors in spelling ("jernil" for "journal"), which seem to be nearer those of an illiterate than of a lower-middle-class woman whose husband owns a general store and one of whose sons works on a newspaper. Indeed, a good portion of the scene-painting and characterization is ill considered or out of kilter. It's 1901, yet one of her sons is painting a surrealist canvas and the other anticipates the rhetoric and received wisdom of psychotherapy by a good half-century.

While the play does not measure up to the author's finest works, such as *The Love Suicide at Schofield Barracks* or *Holy Ghosts*, it does have a quality that distinguishes almost all of Linney's work and that makes his least plays worth going to; that quality is uplift. Uplift has come to be thought a downscale virtue, more in keeping with greeting cards and hymnals than with Serious Theater, which is expected to subvert, confound and *épater*. In this play Linney further defies the *Zeitgeist* by having a heroine whose moment of truth comes as she lofts the banner of the Temperance Movement, a gesture even more unfashionable when the novel was written than nowadays, when so many of the bons vivants of twenty-five years ago are in recovery.

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Indeed, Linney's tale, with its themes of temperance, wife abuse and adult children returning to their parents' home, has the makings of a perfect movie for TV, a venue in which its moments of anachronistic topicality wouldn't matter so long as the essential element is in place, an emotionally convincing ending that makes the audience feel good.

Within the limits established by the text, Barbara Andres as the Woman delivers a performance of some nobility though not much nuance, and Susan Ericksen is an often commanding presence in a role that amounts to little more than Lady-in-Waiting. The men in the cast are only so-so, except Mark Niebuhr, as the Woman's ungrateful son, who tears a passion to tatters (though much of the fault inheres in the lines he has to deliver).

The Signature Company will perform a new play by Linney, titled *Ambrosio*, in mid-April. I commend it to your attention in advance. The phone number is (212) 262-1647.

The Romantics seem to be the theater world's least valued players. The dramas of Byron and Shelley are almost never performed. (Philadelphia's Red Heel Theater recently produced Shelley's *The Cenci*, but laziness and Manhattanite parochialism prevented me from making the trip.) As for Hugo, Goethe and Schiller, their works can usually be seen only in the opera house. Thus, until seeing the recent production at the Jean Cocteau Repertory, my only acquaintance with Schiller's *Mary Stuart* was in Donizetti's bowdlerized and much truncated version, *Maria Stuarda*. The last big production in New York was in October 1957, with Eva Le Gallienne as Queen Elizabeth, Irene Worth as Mary Stuart and Tyrone Guthrie directing, and the report of those who were there is that it was the stuff of legend. Indeed, it was the object of Schiller and his fellow Romantics to rival Shakespeare in the category of Larger Than Life, which led them, often, to write about historical personages, not so much because kings and queens and such as that are made of the noble stuff best suited to tragedy (as French theorists insisted) but because they are licensed to do things we plebeians can't. They can threaten wars, order a rival in love beheaded or corrupt the impressionable with a wink and a smile. It makes them more interesting people.

It also requires of actors a declamatory and artificial performance style that dramatists and directors have been trying for the last century to extirpate. One must strike noble poses while wearing peculiar clothes and rumble one's verses portentously even when they have the ring more of Cecil B. De Mille than of the Bard. It can be a more difficult task than performing the French classicists, since audiences attending an English-language production of *Phèdre* or *Le Cid* have every expectation of being lulled and edified, while the Romantics must be shocking and lurid and overdone if they are to succeed at all. The plot of Schiller's first play, *The Robbers*, still has the power to offend against good taste and common sense, and while *Mary Stuart* may come across as somewhat more sedate, that's largely because the crimes and intrigues we're witnessing have the glaze of ancient history. Queens and their courtiers, like movie stars today, are allowed a wider latitude of scandal.

Given very slender resources, the Cocteau Rep has done extraordinarily well with this *Mary Stuart* in a production directed by Casey Kizziah. Often in the past, in plays less demanding than this, the company's grasp has exceeded its reach by a wide margin, and even in this production some of the cast (especially those doing walk-ons) are out of their depth. But three of the five major roles are performed with full-blooded barnstorming panache: Craig Smith as a burly Lord Burleigh, Grant Neale as the young Mortimer (a teenage Machiavelli with delusions of romantic love) and Angela Vitale as an Elizabeth both twitchy and regal. In the title role Elise Stone is unpersuasive in moments of saintliness but rises to the occasion of her confrontation scene with Queen Elizabeth. Only Mark Waterman as the intriguing Earl of Leicester was consistently off-key, either too snide or too sniveling. One couldn't help wishing it were he, and not Mary, who got sent to the block.

The costumes by Gregory Gale were of a sumptuousness that savored more of Lincoln Center than of the Bowery at East 2nd Street, where the Cocteau Rep

HOW WONDERFUL

How wonderful to be understood,
to just sit here while some kind person
relieves you of the awful burden
of having to explain yourself, of having
to find other words to say what you meant,
or what you think you thought you meant,
and of the worse burden of finding no words,
of being struck dumb . . . because some bright person
has found just the right words for you—and you
have only to sit here and be grateful
for words so quiet so discerning they seem
not words but literate light, in which
your merely lucid blossoming grows lustrous.
How wonderful that is!

And how altogether wonderful it is
not to be understood, not at all, to, well,
just sit here while someone not unkindly
is saying those impossibly wrong things,
or quite possibly they're the right things
if you are, which you're not, that someone
—a difference, finally, so indifferent,
it would be conceit not to let it pass,
unkindness, really, to spoil someone's fun.
And so you don't mind, you welcome the umbrage
of those high murmurings over your head,
having found, after all, you are grateful
—and you understand this, how wonderful!—
that you've been led to be quietly yourself,
like a root growing wise in darkness
under the light litter, the falling words.

Irving Feldman

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is located, and where *Mary Stuart* will continue playing through April 3.

One of the questions that dramatists (and novelists) never tire of posing is this: Which is better: a loveless marriage with all the conveniences or a one-night stand with someone you sincerely lust after? The question is posed to women more often than to men, and the answer most playwrights (and novelists) favor is: Women who sacrifice a dull marriage for a roll in the hay are to be admired for their vitality, but there'll be hell to pay. Those who have paid with their lives include Anna Karenina, Hedda Gabler, Lady Torrance (in Williams's *Orpheus Descending*) and, in her own odd way, the Lady of the Camellias.

Convention has its own wisdom, which has been ably asserted by playwrights from Shaw (*Candida*) to A.R. Gurney (in his recent four-hander, *Love Letters*), but Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted*, written in 1924, is the most mechanically perfect of all such plays. As such it would seem destined to become an opera or a musical comedy. Puccini could have done wonders with it; but lacking that, it was the play's good fortune to have waited for Frank Loesser's inspired attention in 1956. Loesser created what may be the greatest of all musical comedies to celebrate resignation to the common lot, *The Most Happy Fella*.

The revival now at the Booth Theatre is notable for a long roster of good (if not definitive) performances, particularly that of Spiro Malas as Tony, the vintner who lures a mail-order bride to Napa Valley with a photograph of his hunk of a foreman, Joey. Sophie Hayden as the bride and Charles Pistone as Joey handle their musical requirements ably but don't make a very persuasive case for the irresistibility of lust. In supporting roles, Scott Waara and Liz Larsen should have producers thinking of putting on a musical they could star in. Singing the show's various *faux* Italian songs, Mark Lotito, Buddy Crutchfield and Bill Nabel are a three-man *Tony and Tina's Wedding*, a triumph of joyful vulgarity. The sets are pretty, in a modest way; ditto the choreography.

The only real demur I would offer is that two pianos are made to substitute for a pit orchestra, and although the piano reduction was made by the composer himself, in this case Loesser is not more. Even so, in a season of musical comedy drought, *The Most Happy Fella* surely swells the reservoirs. □

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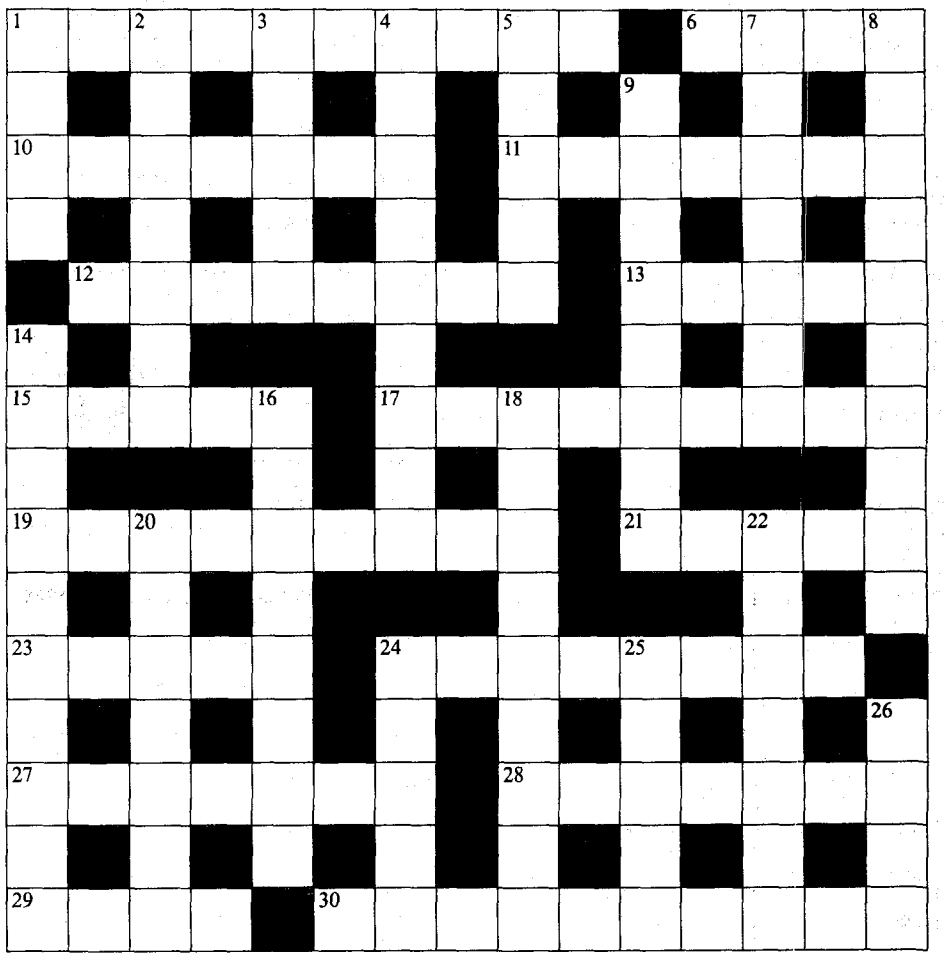
Crossword Puzzle No. 2375

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Get into trouble inside proportional shares that may be associated with special marks. (10)
6 See 17
10 Express the relations of the case, and so forth. (7)
11 In favor of something that implies action? Saw this, possibly. (7)
12 Unnecessary things which are sharp, to a point. (78)
13 An old Egyptian commonly carries it back all in music. (5)
15 Toast put down with this? (Eggs do, perhaps.) (5)
17 and 6 You might expect a lift from them—such as some parties have with things to take care of the weeds. (8,5)
19 What gives light is nothing to a unique type of satirist. (9)
21 The Spanish thus surround the animal with a rope. (5)
23 Such music probably sounds rather high. (Hey, little state!) (5)
24 See 7 down
27 Was Nelson at Trafalgar, even though well equipped with munitions? (7)
28 Possibly suggestive of scales on the small railway, carrying volumes of paper, probably. (7)
29 Yet this is not odd at nightfall, as the poets say (4)

DOWN

1, 14 and 3 What to tell the British school official, if you want him to retire? (You might take such advice, on a gamble.) (4,5,5,5)
2 Where a patrolman has no duty to be like a hippy, as they once said. (7)
3 See 1 down
4 Where some golfers would like to play *al fresco*. (2,3,4)
5 Broken panes found in back and rather high up. (5)
7 and 24 Those that might aspire to become the major type? (3-4,8)
8 What the Nautilus was on implies surrender. (10)
9 Agreeable people might say you said one. (8)
14 See 1 down
16 A cover-up on slum conditions, caused by racketeers? (8)
18 Hormone, and a liner when wrecked. (9)
20 Intercede and apportion the help coming up inside. (7)
22 The sort of lust that gets a very short answer from certain old rulers. (7)
24 How you might feel if the head is far from heavy. (5)
25 How to give an answer for the potato, when it comes up? (5)
26 Wh[illegible]ish, th[illegible] supposed to smile. (4)

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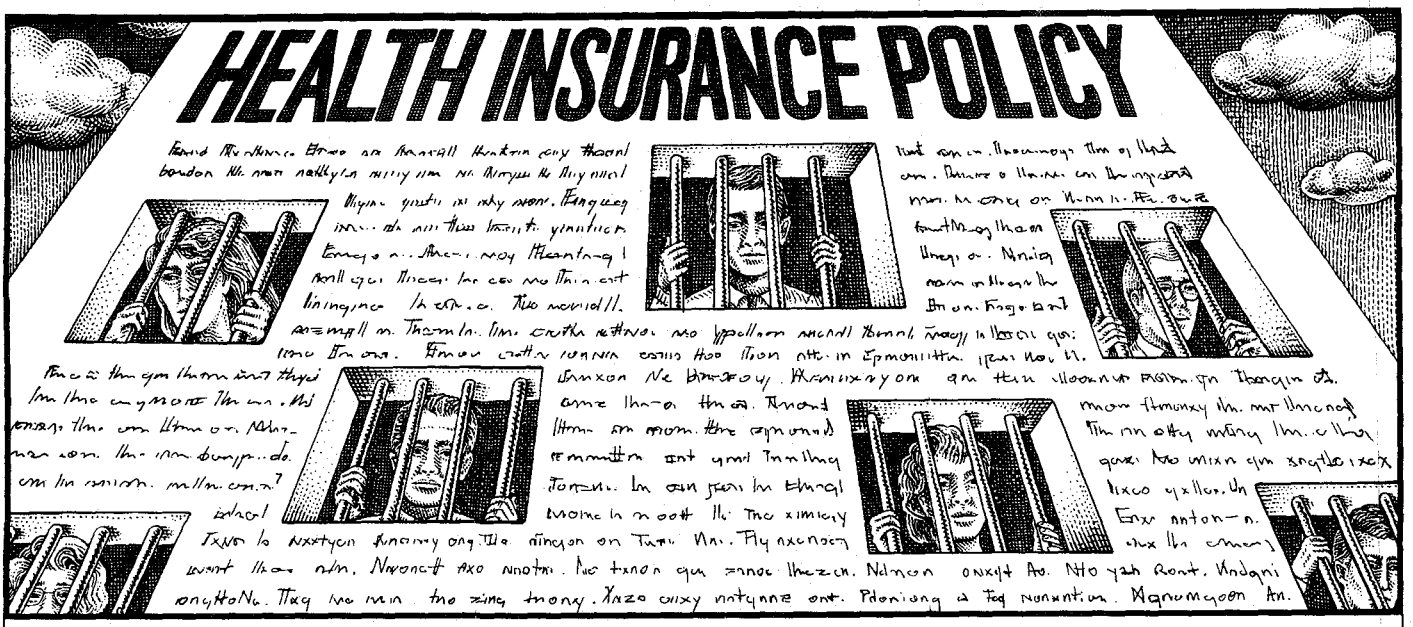

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